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H. W. BEECHER AND H. B. STOWE.

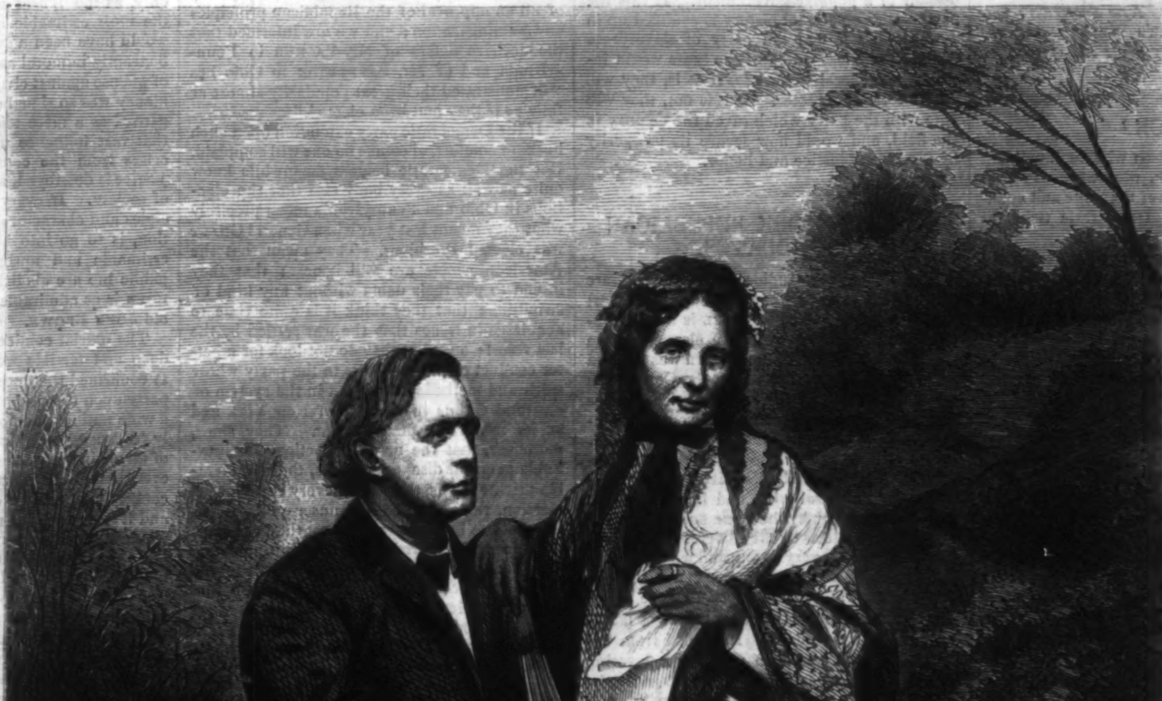
HENRY WARD BEECHER and **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** are brother and sister, being children of Rev. **LYMAN BEECHER** by his first wife, **ROXANA**. **HARRIET** was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 15, 1812. **HENRY WARD** was born at the same place, June 24, 1813. **HARRIET**, therefore, is just one year and one week older than **HENRY WARD**.

H. WARD BEECHER graduated at Amherst College, Mass., in 1834, and studied theology under his father at the Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1837 he was settled as a Presbyterian clergyman at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, where he remained for two years, afterward removing to Indianapolis. In 1847 he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is still the pastor of that church.

Mr. **BEECHER** is the greatest pulpit orator in America. He is distinguished as a lecturer; he has taken a prominent position in journalism, having been one of the founders of the *Independent;* but his characteristic function is that of a preacher of the Christian gospel. It is not enough to say that he has the largest uniform congregation in the United States. That might be secured by qualities totally different from those possessed by **BEECHER**. It is very rarely that the emotional nature is so completely under the regulation of the intellect as it is in him. With a large heart, pulsating in sympathy with every progressive moral movement, he has also a large head and a well-balanced judgment to prevent him from becoming a mere sentimentalist or fanatic. One of the most prominent of his qualities is his common-sense.

Mr. **BEECHER'S** mind has been well stored with book-learning; but his principal studies have been of life in nature and in man. To few men have been revealed so clearly the springs of human action. He speaks always from experimental knowledge; his words are born of his own life, or are the reflection of his observation. His sermons are never purely metaphysical; they are never doctrinal, in the ordinary acceptance of the term; but they are the results of life studies. He studies mostly outside of his library. Usually he does not know the subject of his Sabbath morning's discourse until within a few hours of his appearance in the pulpit. His mood, the incidents of the day, or some great moral question that demands attention, will decide that. Early Sunday morning this decision is made; a few leading heads are written out in full, and all the details of the sermon are left to the inspiration of the moment. No, it is not inspiration; it is a well-disciplined and well-filled mind that moves into thought and speech before the waiting audience of thousands that hangs upon the speaker's words.

HARRIET BEECHER at the age of fifteen was associated with her elder sister **CATHARINE** as principal of a female seminary at Hartford, Connecticut. In 1833 she accompanied her father, who had been elected President of Lane Theological Seminary, to Cincinnati. Associated with her father was Rev. **CALVIN E. STOWE**, Professor of Biblical Literature—a man of culture and of great good sense. In 1836 Professor **STOWE** and **HARRIET BEECHER** were married. Up to this time **HARRIET** had been known only within a limited circle; but she had, in what little she had written, shown her power of delineating character, especially the character of New England people. In 1851–52 Mrs. **STOWE** published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery newspaper of Washington. Upon the publication of this novel in book form in Boston it was found that the writer had achieved a memorable success—a success unrivaled by any that had previously been won by a literary woman: 400,000 copies were sold in America, and 500,000 in England. It was translated into all the languages of Europe, and was dramatized and acted in almost every theatre in Europe and America. "I have not read a novel for thirty years," said Lord **PALMERSTON**; "but I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' three times, not for the story, but for the statesmanship of it." It is impossible to calculate the extent of the influence of this novel upon the political affairs of America.



HENRY WARD BEECHER AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY AND SON.]

In 1853 Mrs. **STOWE** visited Europe, and was warmly welcomed among all classes. On her return she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." She made a second European tour a few years later, and on her return published "Dred." Her "Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and "Old Town Folks," published during the last twelve years, though by no means as successful as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," have still been received with great favor.

To really appreciate Mrs. **STOWE** it is necessary to be upon intimate terms with her, to see her in her hours of repose, when she is really stronger than in activity. All who thus know her are her sworn friends. She has that remarkable quality so rarely possessed by man or woman—namely, absolute self-possession. In her manners, as in her conversation, there is no appearance of effort. She is not fussy in her entertainment, and even those who are shy and awkward are in her presence perfectly at ease. She has lived a remarkable life, even if we put out of sight that sphere of social sympathies and influences to which her literary success has introduced her. The interior life of **CHARLOTTE BRONTË** was not more remarkable, whether we consider the individual characters of the two women, or the outward circumstances that awakened them into activity and controlled their development. The pictures of New England life given in "Old Town Folks" are simply reproductions of the original photographs made upon Mrs. **STOWE'S** mind in early youth; subsequent culture has only enabled her to separate the unessential from the essential, and to draw the outlines with greater skill and fidelity. "The Minister's Wooing" indicates how strongly she was impressed by the religious problems of New England life.

It is peculiarly fitting that we should give the portraits of **HENRY WARD BEECHER** and **HARRIET BEECHER STOWE** in a single group as we have done. Not only are they brother and sister, of nearly the same age, but they have many mental, or rather, we should say spiritual, characteristics in common. Their mission in life, too, has been the same—namely, to agitate the human heart, not to fanatic enthusiasm, but to conflict against wrong.

IN OCTOBER.

A stillness as of autumn woods
In moonless morns, when winds are dead;
Soft seas of mist in all the vales—
Mist on the mountains overhead.

A drowsy day: warm sweat of dew
About the hand-rail of the bridge;
Beneath, the slow stream's flawless face
Unruffled into rut and ridge.

At noon a sudden gleam of sun,
And lightly from the lower grounds
The vapors climb, and bring with them
Starved echoes of the valley's sounds.

Oh time of truce from striving crowds,
Whose clamor drowns the poet's voice;
Oh days that make the poet's heart
With thrills of fuller life rejoice!

Ah me! all sweet and wandering sounds
Of country life have left mine ears;
And scenes that stirred the soul to song
Are buried with the buried years.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 30, 1869.

☞ *In November will be commenced* "Man and Wife," *a new Serial Story, splendidly Illustrated, by* Wilkie Collins *(Author of* "The Woman in White," "No Name," "Armadale," *and* "The Moonstone"). *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Weekly *from the commencement of the Story to the end of* 1870 *for* $4 00.

WHICH?

IS there any good reason why an intelligent citizen of New York, who wishes to promote the highest welfare of the State and country, should support the Democratic ticket at the election in November?

Is there any thing in the principles or the antecedents of the Democratic party, or in the character and ability and patriotism of those whom it usually elects to office, which such a citizen ought to prefer to the principles and history of the Republican party and to the candidates whom it presents?

Indeed, is it not difficult to ascertain what the principles and policy of the Democratic party are? Ribald abuse of the President and the Administration, sneers at radicalism, and slanders of the colored population, can not be accepted as arguments; and the pertinacity with which they are urged merely reveals the want of legitimate and forcible objections to Republican ascendency.

In this election there are really two serious issues, and only two. One is strictly political, and the other financial. One is the Fifteenth Amendment; the other, taxation and national honor. The Republicans propose by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to settle finally, in accordance with justice and American principles, and with the action of the people during and since the war—the question that has so long tormented and convulsed the country. The adoption of the amendment will be substantially the declaration that the people of the United States, taught by the most disastrous experience the danger of maintaining unreasonable and unjust political distinctions, have determined to prohibit them altogether. The declaration will be made in the manner provided by the Constitution and in the most decisive form; and once adopted, the most irritating of questions disappears from our politics. New York, indeed, has already adopted the amendment. But it is not yet a part of the Constitution, and a Republican victory in New York will be a popular ratification of the act of the Legislature which would have great moral influence.

The Democratic party, the old bulwark of slavery, the opponent of emancipation, and the contemptuous slanderer of the colored population, opposes the amendment. In the Southern States, indeed, as a condition of reconstruction, it has submitted to the recognition of equal political rights among citizens. But its spirit may be inferred from the course of its chief leaders in those States during the Presidential campaign of last year, and from the vehement opposition to the amendment in the Northern Democratic conventions of this autumn. Nothing whatever can be gained by the defeat of the amendment but prolonged and bitter agitation. The brain and heart and conscience of the country will continue to demand this necessary act of justice and common-sense until it becomes the fundamental law. If the sober and intelligent voters of New York wish that this angry question should be kept open, they will support the Democratic ticket. If they wish that it should be closed honorably, justly, and in the true American spirit, they will vote with the Republicans for equal rights.

The position of the two parties in regard to the financial situation is not less directly hostile. The Republicans demand that there shall be no equivocation, and that the debts of the United States shall be paid in gold, and that the immense injury constantly done to our credit by the suspicion that we may turn out to be a nation of swindlers shall cease. They point to the steady reduction of the debt under their auspices, and to the fair adjustment of taxation, and challenge the Democratic party to show that it presents any other financial policy than that of Mr. Pendleton, which is fatal to the credit of the country. No people, indeed, like to pay heavy taxes. Upon this disinclination the Southern Democratic leaders counted when they rose in rebellion. They hoped that the necessary cost of war would dishearten the country. But the people disappointed this hope, and defeated the rebellion; and now the Democratic leaders, who made the tax necessary, denounce it as odious. But Democratic force could not dissolve the Union—shall Democratic sophistry disgrace it? Whoever in New York wishes this result will support the Democratic ticket.

Or is there a feeling that the Republican party has been spoiled by success, and that it is necessary to try the Democratic? The city of New York, in which that party has indisputable power, shows the character of its administration. Does the voter wish the economy and honesty that are shown there to become universal? The Democratic party has perfected a system of frauds upon the ballot-box; it elects judges whose names are a stench; it depends upon ignorance and hate to swell its vote; its management of the city makes men despair of a popular government. Is this the party—whose national history is summed up in a word, that it was the party of slavery—to which the honest voters of the State would intrust the general welfare? If it is, they will vote for its candidates. If it is not, they will vote with the party which saved the country in the field, and would now secure its prosperity by a policy of justice and honor.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

The Republican candidates in New York are men for whom it will be a pleasure for honest people to vote. General Sigel is a fit representative of the great German element in the population, a soldier whose renown was assured early in the war, and to whom the Convention earnestly looked as their first choice for the nomination. For reasons which were undoubtedly satisfactory, he forbade the use of his name. But when it became necessary after the adjournment to select a candidate, General Sigel yielded to the universal wish, and his nomination was made as much by the common desire of the party in the State as by the General Committee. His nomination is very strong and wise and conciliatory; and his acceptance, under the circumstances, will not be forgotten by the party.

Horace Greeley is almost the most familiar name in the country. Identified from the first with the Republican party, and devoting his great abilities as an editor to its service, he early made his paper its chief national organ. Frank in the expression of opinion; patient of obloquy and reproach, of ridicule and bitter hostility; in the judgment of many of his political friends often visionary, impracticable, and exasperating, he has never for a moment lost the public confidence in his honesty and patriotism; and his political influence upon public opinion has undoubtedly been greater than that of any other individual. Seldom called to office he has never asked for it, and, as he says in his letter of acceptance of his present nomination, he has never refused any honorable service which his party might demand. The higher praise is also his, that he would never decline any such service that he could honorably perform; for his party might call upon him for an honorable service that he could not justly undertake. His nomination is an indication of the determination of the Republican party of New York that its character and purpose shall appear in its candidates, and vindicate its claim to the sympathy and support of all honest men.

This appears also in all the other nominations upon the State ticket, and in most of those made for the Legislature. In Queens County the Republicans have adopted the Democratic renomination of the present Assemblyman, who was free from complicity in the outrageous tax-levies of the last session. Not one Republican Senator who voted for those levies has been renominated, and of the twenty or more tainted Assemblymen not more than four or five have succeeded in being renominated; and they will be defeated, we trust, by the action of the honest Republican voters of their districts. All these things show that the Republican party has the will and the power to purge itself of all hurtful suspicion. It has no Tammany dictator, no man whose will settles nominations and determines policies, no regulating ring. But its regulator is the general consciousness of its members that the spirit of a party is necessarily shown in the character of its candidates, and the determination, so conspicuously displayed at its last national Convention, that it will not be controlled by its bummers and soldiers of fortune. This is the reasonable and conclusive ground of the popular confidence in the party. This is its inspiration in the coming election in New York; and this, if every voter properly considers the great importance of the election, and if the city frauds are not overpowering, will make that party triumphant in November.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

Dreams, not elections, go "by contraries," and the vehemence with which the Democratic papers declare that the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio do not show that the people sustain General Grant's administration, proves their consciousness that that is their exact significance. If Mr. Packer had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania, the same papers would have loudly assured us that Pennsylvania condemned the Republican principles and policy. If Mr. Pendleton had been elected Governor of Ohio, we should have been told that the Massachusetts of the West repudiated its ancient faith and embraced repudiation. Such a result would have been hailed as the tardy repentance of the country—the more striking because exhibited in a Republican State—that the candidates of Tammany had not prevailed last year against the candidates of the people. Indeed, the prodigious lessons that would have been drawn from the most attenuated Democratic majorities in those States are incalculable. But, as the majorities turned out to be Republican, the Democratic papers assure us that they mean nothing whatever, least of all an approval of the Republican principles and administration; and we are informed that the decisive defeat of Mr. Packer in Pennsylvania and of Mr. Pendleton in Ohio has "demonstrated their great popularity almost as fully as if they had been elected."

If the Democratic party can fatten upon such husks of comfort, of course no one will complain. But the Democratic leaders meanwhile know quite as well as every body else that the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania mean precisely what they meant last year when General Grant was elected President. They mean that the American people are still honest; that they intend to pay their debts without any kind of swindling; that they think it is quite time to acquiesce in issues that the war settled by the last resort; and that they do not look for a better conduct of public affairs to the party whose spirit and methods are shown in the system of electoral frauds in the city of New York and in its municipal management. They show, moreover, that the natural reaction, the inevitable personal disappointments, the innumerable private griefs, that follow every Presidential election, the unlimited and unscrupulous slander that has been uttered against the President, the sneers, the derision, the foul insinuations, which are so easy to a clever pen, have totally failed to affect the great public heart that trusted the General in the field and with gratitude and confidence called him to the Presidency.

So emphatic and significant a verdict is not to be argued down or sneered away. It reveals that kind of tenacity which it is supposed that a republic can not possess, and which, amidst the universal skepticism of Europe and of multitudes of Americans, was displayed by this country during the war. It is the indication of the clear perception in the public mind of the fundamental principles upon which alone the peaceful progress and prosperity of the country can be secured. As the New York *Tribune* truly says, the result should chide the croakers. It should show still more clearly the vitality of the Republican party, and of the conviction deeply seated in the popular heart that it is indeed the party of the people. It asks for no privilege nor exclusion. It favors no class, and proclaims and secures fair play. The result of the October elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio should make every Republican surer and bolder, firmer to demand the constant elevation of the party standard, and even more trustful than ever of the fidelity to their truest interests of the American people.

As for Iowa, her Republican fidelity is as sure as the law of gravity.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The New York *World* complains of the tone in which the Republican papers speak of conspicuous Democrats like Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan after their death, contrasting it with that of the Democratic press in alluding to Mr. Lincoln. If the tone is "reviling," it can not be more indecent than the incessant flings at Mr. Lincoln in the personal column of the *World* for two or three years after his death. But while a "reviling" tone is, of course, indefensible, the press has no more imperative duty than to tell the whole truth of public men when they die. No man in his senses would think of asking or expecting that such official careers as those of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan should not be censured in comparison with the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln; and it is of the utmost importance that no conspicuous actor in our politics, whose public career has outraged humanity, liberty, and the better sense of the country, should disappear in a mere swash of praise.

The administration of Franklin Pierce was a conspiracy of four years against the rights of man and the honor and peace of the United States—why should it not be frankly stated? James Buchanan was the servile instrument of the slaveholding interest—why should the truth be concealed? That Mr. Pierce was an amiable man and beloved by his friends is true; but his interest to the public, which justifies criticism of his career when he dies, is not that he was a courteous and kind neighbor in Concord, but that he countenanced border ruffians in Kansas. Mr. Buchanan was probably a respectable gentleman, as the phrase is used; but, sworn as the Chief Magistrate to defend the Union, he declared that he had no authority to prevent its dissolution. It is not true that the political questions of their time died with these Presidents. They were questions that never die; questions of human rights and American honor. If there is any political morality whatever—if there is any difference between a magistrate who strains every possible point against liberty and one whose heart embraces every man—if there is any difference in conduct which hopelessly rivets chains upon the innocent and that which joyfully breaks them, the official career of Mr. Pierce or of Mr. Buchanan can no more be compared with that of Mr. Lincoln than the private repute of Aaron Burr with that of George Washington.

Suppose that when Mr. Pierce died the other day all the newspapers of both parties had said only, as the *World* says, that he was "one of the most estimable and upright of men." It would have been a suppression of the truth as flagrantly immoral as a falsehood. If the kind of offense against civilization of which his Presidency was so signal an illustration is to be regarded as a mere temporary political interest, that vast influence upon public conduct which arises from the consciousness of posthumous justice is destroyed, and to the exceeding injury of society. If every body, whatever the principles and character and result of his public action, is to go into history merely as privately estimable and upright, moral distinctions in public life are abolished altogether, and Calhoun is as admirable a figure in our history as old John Brown.

The official conduct of Mr. Pierce inflicted deep and terrible wounds upon the country. It confirmed the desperate assaults of the slave party upon the public conscience. It promoted a wide national demoralization. It was directly responsible for massacre and a bloody reign of terror in Kansas. It depressed the hopes of every American citizen who aspired to see his country vindicate its origin and its best genius; and it disgraced the name of the United States wherever it was uttered. This was the service of Franklin Pierce to this country and to mankind. It is recorded in our annals. It will be the verdict of history. When he disappeared from the public scene, it needed only to have been mentioned as occasion made the reference necessary. But when, at his death, it is substantially claimed that nothing more should be said than that he was an estimable and upright man, a decent regard for public morality requires that the whole truth be told. Nor is it, as is alleged, an unkindly ravage of the grave to tell the truth soberly, however strongly. Let every man in high office have a living consciousness that when he dies no fondness of private regret, no remembered personal urbanity, can woo to silence or evasion the tongue that tells his public story, and every such man will weigh well his apparent present advantage with his final renown; and every citizen will learn that no station is splendid enough to dazzle the just public perception of the moral character and tendency of official action.

A VOICE FROM MISSISSIPPI.

If the late lamented John C. Calhoun could return and read the platform of the Republican party in Mississippi, especially the first four resolutions, he would either groan that his country had so degenerated, or, illuminated by celestial experience, he would join the party and proclaim its glad tidings more zealously than ever he preached "Southern rights" against the rights of human nature. In the report of the platform, the resolutions of which we speak go off, as it were, like a volley of triumph.

First. The Union first, last, and forever.

Second. Freedom of speech and of the press.

Third. Universal suffrage and universal amnesty.

Fourth. Free schools—their benefits to be extended to every child in the State.

The resolutions go on to declare for all the constitutional amendments; for the immediate removal of disabilities; and for the new State Constitution, without disfranchisement or proscription. How many of the noblest victims of the war, if they could have known that within less than ten years of their death a party with every prospect of success would proclaim such principles in Mississippi, and be cordially supported by the Administration, would not have felt, indeed, that they did not give their lives in vain! No great sacrifice ever produced more immediate and vaster results. In the four Mississippi resolutions lie the charms which are to redeem that State, and every other that went into rebellion—the policy which would have saved them all their sorrow had it been that of those States for the last generation.

These principles, and the measures that spring from them, and the spirit which accompanies them, are those of the Republican party of the United States every where. If the observer turn his admiring eye to the great Northwest, the marvel of progress and prosperity, he is not surprised to learn that those great States have been always faithful to these principles, and are steadily Republican. If he look at New England, which is not ashamed of her history, he finds that the Mississippi resolutions have no heartier echo than from Bunker Hill and the Green Mountains; and he is not surprised that to leave New England out in the cold was the angry wish of the haughty chiefs who were *not* for the Union first, last, and forever; and *not* for freedom of speech and of the press; and *not* for universal suffrage; and *not* for free schools. Those chiefs ruled the country by the Democratic party. Let the same observer look at any State or section which is indisputably Democratic, and consider whether it is equally grateful to him with these as an American or as a man.

The great service of the Republican party in this country is that it has made a truly popular republic possible. Under Democratic supremacy, the fundamental principles of such a government were despised. Our system had become a vast propagandism of slavery. That has been overthrown, but its spirit and its traditions still linger in the party through which it worked. Nowhere does that party lead the van for the Union first, last, and forever, nor for freedom of speech and of the press; nor for universal suffrage, nor for free schools for all children. It clung to slavery while slavery lasted. It would have supported the Southern black laws if Congress had not made them impossible. It would still maintain all of slavery that it can, denying the suffrage to intelligent and industrious men, and every where promoting that exclusive spirit of caste and race which will angrily agitate the country until it is laid.

By their works let the two great parties of this country be judged. And by them, because the general principles and policy of each are unchanged. Let any candid man answer, Which has been the party of liberty, of intelligence, of progress, of humanity? Which has been the party of retrogression, of ignorance, of slavery, and inhumanity? The tendencies, the imperative necessities of a political party are stronger than the hopes and wishes of some of its members. By those tendencies, by its unjust and inhuman spirit, by its wanton crimes against liberty, let the Democratic party be judged.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND THE CARMELITE SUPERIOR.

The correspondence between Father Hyacinthe and the Superior of his order at Rome has been published, and is of the utmost significance. The first letter of the Carmelite Superior was written in July, and deplores and laments and regrets Father Hyacinthe's course, and repeats and amplifies its grief and remonstrance at great length. The offense of the Parisian orator was what may be called outside work. Instead of following the rut of safe ecclesiastical tradition he thought for himself, and he freely expressed his thoughts. "I have earnestly exhorted you," says the Superior, "not to identify yourself with questions in dispute among Catholics, and on which all were not agreed." That may be the Carmelite method of advancing the truth, but it is not one that would carry the truth very far. And this seems to have been the opinion of Father Hyacinthe. The Superior then proceeds to a formal order that the Father shall not print any letters or speech; nor to speak outside of the churches; nor to be present at the Chambers; nor to take part in the Peace League, nor in any other meeting that "has not an exclusively Catholic and religious object."

To this order forbidding him to print letters Father Hyacinthe replied by printing the letter which is already famous. With indignant eloquence he protested against that which, if Roman, was not Christian. He declared that his tongue should never be tied, and he threw off the robe of his monkish order, and left his monastery. In tones that have rung through Christendom he asserted religious liberty, and with a fervor that recalls the ancient days of religious protest he repudiated in advance the spirit of the assembling Council. To such an answer, from such a man, at such a moment, there could be but one response from his ecclesiastical superior, and that came on the 26th of September. The Carmelite Superior, in a little higher tone, recalls Father Hyacinthe's various acts of disobedience; and reminds him that a monk who leaves his monastery and throws off the robe of his order without regular permission is considered "a real apostate," liable to the greater excommunication. He orders the Father to return to his monastery and to implicit obedience within ten days from the date of the letter, or he will be deprived canonically of his position in the Carmelite order, and will remain under the established censure. Father Hyacinthe did not obey, and the penalty has undoubtedly been enforced.

The Superior treats the whole matter canonically. There are rules of the order, he declares, which Father Hyacinthe has violated; and he is therefore punished for disobedience. Father Hyacinthe does not deny that he disobeys, but he absolves himself from all guilt in disobedience by withdrawing from the moral obligation to obey in leaving the order. But to leave the order under such circumstances would seem to be a departure from the Church itself.

The spirit of the letter of protest is not a spirit compatible with the rule of a Church which demands that a preacher shall not touch subjects upon which all are not agreed. Mr. Choate was said to have praised his pastor's sermons because they did not remind him of his secular life. His theory of preaching was that of the Carmelite Superior. He was a sheep who wished to be led by still waters. But Father Hyacinthe knows that the minister of God must deal with the storms of human passion of every kind—with doubts and questions and despairs—and that the moral aspect of no question which interests the human mind and heart, or which affects human life, is beyond the proper scope of his discourse.

Father Hyacinthe's letter is that of a man who refuses in advance to submit to the decision of the General Council if his own judgment does not approve it. But if the Pope and Council together are not infallible, what authority expresses the infallible decisions of the Church? Father Hyacinthe virtually denies the infallibility of the Church. Has he not then ceased to be a Romanist?

THE GEORGIA JUBILEE.

The Georgia State Agricultural Society propose to make their annual fair on the 16th of November a Peace Jubilee. The most distinguished guests have been invited, including the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, Congress, the Governors, and the ex-Presidents, and "the principal generals of the two late hostile armies." Should they all come, or a representative number of them, the Committee, in their own words, trust "that when a large concourse of people, from all sections of the Union, shall witness the meeting and exchange of civilities between distinguished and trusted men from all sections—shall see the great and idolized chieftains of the two late contending armies meet and shake hands on the same platform, surrounded by the emblems as well as the implements of husbandry—shall literally see the 'spear turned into the pruning-hook, and the sword into the plow-share'—shall actually witness a restoration of the union of the hearts of the people—much, very much will be accomplished for the country which has not been done by laws and garrisons."

The programme is a little dramatic. The Committee will find it hard to persuade General Grant to play in a pantomime, nor ought it to count too surely upon the satisfaction to the country of seeing General Lee side by side with the President. General Lee has thus far wisely chosen to hold himself withdrawn from the public view, and he would yield to ill advice if he should abandon his retirement. The project is doubtless well meant; but of course the distinguished company will not come, nor would their coming be of especial service. This kind of spectacular emotion is not agreeable to "the genius of the people." The colonists were very much in earnest about freedom, but they did very well without a Goddess of Liberty; while the Frenchmen, who had the goddess, did not have the liberty. How much Italian patriotic zeal has blazed away uselessly in the brilliant rhetoric of ribbons! We hope, however, that the Georgia fair will be very successful; that the number and interest of the visitors will show how truly at heart they have the welfare of their State and of the Union; and that the orators will show how intimately allied the highest interest of the farming class is with the general prosperity of the country.

NOTES.

In alluding to an article in the Boston *Advertiser* upon the late Republican nominations in this State, the Albany *Evening Journal* says:

> "But what Mr. Curtis is blamed for most, however, is not that he declined, if decline he must, but for the peculiarly demoralizing method of his declination. He hurled the nomination back as if he despised it as much as the *Advertiser* itself does. He might at least have communicated his declension quietly."

Mr. Curtis was in another State when the Convention met. The political situation in New York was not unknown to him. Too late to prevent it he saw in the New York papers that his nomination was probable; and before learning the action of the Convention every consideration that should have affected his decision, and which has since been urged, was fully considered by him. But as his acceptance was honorably impossible, and as there was but a month before the election, he felt it to be his duty, without awaiting the official notice of his nomination, and to prevent loss of time from remonstrances and misunderstandings, to make known his necessary decision as soon and as widely as possible. In doing so he certainly did not use many words, but he chose such as he hoped would convey at least some impression of his profound sense of the honor which was offered him, not only by the fact but by the manner of the nomination. He said: "While I am sincerely grateful for this most honorable and unexpected proof of the confidence of my political friends, with whose declaration of principles I cordially agree, it is impossible for me to accept the nomination." He mistakes both those friends and the force of words if his letter is construed by them as hurling back their nomination as if he despised it; and he has no doubt that, upon reflection, th *Evening Journal* will own that it has, certainly with no ill intent, misconceived his action.

Mr. Dickens must have been greatly amused by the ingenious misunderstanding of the little phrase in his speech at Birmingham that his faith in the people governing was infinitesimal and his faith in the people governed was illimitable. It is surprising how many shrewd gentlemen, upon reading these words, shook their heads sagely, and remarked that they had long suspected that Mr. Dickens would sooner or later declare his Toryism. One paper observed that he had turned his back upon all his books. Another, with indignation, asserted that he had given himself the lie. The misinterpretation was as remarkable as it was ludicrous. As it was generally received and angrily criticised the remark was nonsense. For what could a man be supposed to mean who said that he did not believe that the people could govern themselves, but that he had illimitable faith in the people? Faith in their ability to do what? He had begun by saying that he would tell his political creed. Consequently to say that his faith in the people governed was illimitable was to express the utmost political confidence in them. It was an astounding ingenuity of misconception to suppose that Mr. Dickens would stand before John Bright's constituency and declare his want of faith in the people.

Mr. Fillmore lately made a speech upon taking the chair at the Commercial Convention, in Louisville, in which, by alluding to his signing the Fugitive Slave Bill, he showed that his mind was not at rest upon the subject. He said: "I freely confess it was against my feelings. I examined it carefully, but found no defect in it. It was constitutional, and, although I knew when I signed it I was signing my political death-warrant, I signed, and would have done it, had it taken my right arm." Mr. Fillmore's feelings did not approve the bill, and he was politically ambitious; but he outraged his feelings and blasted his political hopes by signing a bill that put every colored person in the country at the mercy of any slaveholder. The sacrifice of conscience and laudable ambition upon such an altar is not a very ennobling spectacle. Mr. Fillmore, perhaps, does not remember that to catch slaves under this law was so much "against the feelings" of some of the United States Commissioners that they resigned rather than obey. If, instead of sacrificing his feelings and ambition to sign a law imperiling the life and liberty of innocent men, women, and children, Mr. Fillmore had chosen to resign his office, he would have spared his feelings, served his ambition and humanity together, and have made his name forever honored in history.

On the 4th of October the *Cincinnati Inquirer*, a Democratic paper, said:

> "Our advices from all parts of the State amount to positive assurances of the election of Mr. Pendleton by a majority larger than the average against us in the past six years. We are not disposed to overestimate our strength or overstate our prospects, but we are so certain of success in the contest to be closed on Tuesday week, that we feel it a duty to those who have helped in the good work about to be consummated to tell them that their labor has not been in vain. The people are at last aroused to a sense of their true interests."

The result of the election was the defeat of Mr. Pendleton by a decisive majority. The New York *World* remarks of the election in New York in precisely the same vein:

> "The editor of the *Tribune* knows that it is just as morally certain that the Democratic State ticket will be elected by an overwhelming majority, and that the lower branch of the Legislature will be Democratic, as it is that the election day will come."

This is the way that the Democrats have counted their chickens for the last ten years.

The Lyceums can this winter hear the latest adventures at the equator and the pole. Mr. Du Chaillu, the African explorer, whose lectures to children are the most striking and delightful novelty of the lecture system, will speak in Boston on the 27th of October and the 3d of November; and Captain Hall, the newly-returned Arctic navigator, who has made himself at home with the Esquimaux, and who is accompanied by a family of that people, began his lectures in New York on the 18th of October, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society. The address of Captain Hall is for the present at this office.

Mr. Augustus Maverick, who has had a long and practical acquaintance with editorial life in New York, and who is very competent to treat the subject with interest and point, has in press a volume upon "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press for Thirty Years." It can not fail to be a valuable and entertaining historical work.

A friendly enthusiast writes to the *Sun* of Mr. George Law that he has "loomed up among us and moved silently, as the great orb of day, for a number of years;" and that "he is a great reader, has an extraordinary memory, and, next to Dr. Samuel H. Cox, is probably the best historian in the country." The enthusiast omits, however, to mention the titles of Mr. Law's historical works.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa there were State elections on the 12th of October. The Governors of Pennsylvania and Ohio were re-elected by a light majority. In Pennsylvania the Legislature has a Republican majority of 29 on a joint ballot. In Ohio the House is Democratic and the Senate Republican. The Republican majority in Iowa is very heavy.

In Savannah, Georgia, Colonel John Screven, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected October 11.

There was a mass-meeting of the working-men at Cooper Institute, in this city, on the evening of October 12. Among those who addressed the meeting was Mr. Thomas Connolly, the accredited representative of the working-men's unions of Birmingham, England, to the trades' unions of America. The resolutions adopted advocate the policy of independent political action on the part of the working-men.

A large number of the influential citizens of Philadelphia, including the principal mercantile firms, have addressed a memorial to their Representatives in Congress, recommending the support of Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill. "It may be safely affirmed," say these petitioners, "that no civilized community has a public service so costly and so incompetent as our own."

In an address delivered in Ohio previous to the late election, ex-Senator Ben Wade remarked: "I believe that, under God, the Administration is performing its duties with an honesty of purpose, and a determination to do the right, to save every dollar that can be saved, and apply it to the liquidation of the debt; and that is my idea of financiering. It is a kind of homely way; but I know of none better; and General Grant's Administration has entered upon it with triumphant success, and ought to be sustained. I admit that I would have liked to vote for a tried statesman when I voted for him. I did not know how firmly he held the great principles of the Republican party: and I would part with my life quicker than I would part with those principles to-day. I have never yet swerved one single inch from them, and never will. I feared General Grant might not hold to those principles as firmly and safely as I did, because he had occupied no position which had called upon him to bring them out. I would have chosen a man, if I could have had my own way, who had been tried by fire, and in whom we knew there was no shrinkage. But, Sirs, General Grant has been tried. You see his dealings with the South; you see his appointments in the agents of the Government, and you find them all of the glorious stripe you and I would want to put in. We know, now, his heart is steeped in the great Republican doctrines. I am glad to ascertain this fact beyond a doubt."

Governor Senter, of Tennessee, was inaugurated October 11. In his recent message to the Legislature he opposes repudiation, and strongly urges the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Virginia Legislature reassembled on the 18th for the election of United States Senators.

In New York and other large cities on the 11th of October there was, in accordance with the order of the Central Republican Junta of Cuba and Porto Rico, a formal celebration of the anniversary of the Cuban declaration of independence. The 10th of October, 1868, marks the commencement of the Cuban Republic, and is looked upon by the Cuban patriots as their Fourth of July. The 10th this year fell on Sunday, and the celebration was deferred. Signor M. Lemus, the Cuban Minister to this country, presided at the mass-meeting held in the evening at the Cooper Institute in this city. The Cuban flag was saluted in the afternoon in the City Hall Park. One of the gunners on that occasion had his arm blown off.

At the recent election of Directors of the Erie Railroad, Gould and Fisk were again victorious. The old board was in the main re-elected; and by a classification of the Directors, in accordance with a recent act of the Legislature, Gould, Fisk, and Tweed do not go out of office until 1874.

The free-trade discussion on the evening of October 11 in Boston, between Professor Perry and Hon. Horace Greeley, drew out quite a large audience, who listened with attention to the debate.

A Transcontinental Railroad Convention was held at Oswego October 7 and 8. There were about sixty delegates present. The main object of this convention was to consider the speedy construction of an independent through line of railroad, by the most direct route practicable, from Portland to Chicago. By the route suggested at the convention from Portland to Chicago, through part of Canada, and thence to connect with the great upper thoroughfare to Puget Sound—the usual passage between China and Europe would be shortened by over 2000 miles. With this advantage, added to that which it already possesses in its immense harbor, Portland hopes to throw New York and Boston in the shade as commercial centres.

The official figures at the Agricultural Department estimate that the cotton crop of the Southern States this year will be worth $240,000,000; while the total value of the exports of the South is set down at $328,500,000. At this rate the value of Southern products is about $31 32 per head for the entire Southern population. These figures go to show that the South is even now the richest section of the country.

Charles William Elliot was inaugurated as President of Harvard University October 19.

The Commercial Convention met at Louisville, Kentucky, October 12, and was presided over by ex-President Fillmore. One of the principal questions considered was that of immigration to the South. On the 14th there was a grand trade procession extending for nine miles. There were 100,000 spectators in the streets.

The whaling schooner *Susan N. Smith*, of Boston, was lost in the hurricane of August 28. All hands were drowned, with the exception of the captain and four seamen, who, after remaining on the wreck, which was on its beam ends, for eight days and nights, without food or water, were taken off and carried into London by an English bark. The captain's wife and two children were drowned in the cabin.

At the Jerome Park course on the 12th Mr. Cameron's filly, "Invercauld," won the Jerome Stakes; one mile and three-quarters. Time, 3.26¼. The second race was won by "Corsican;" the Members' Cup—third race—by "Metaire;" the Selling Stakes by "Harbinger." On the 14th the winners were "Lizzie Rogers," "Finesse," "La Polka," and "Corsican." On the 16th the winners were "Mitchell," "Remorseless," "Vespucius," "Abdel Kader," and "Duffy."

The Engineer of the Board of Health in New York has recently proposed to that Board a plan for utilizing the waters of East and North rivers for extinguishing fires and cleaning the streets.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor Napoleon has ordered that the traveling expenses of the French Bishop of Quebec, in going to and returning from the Œcumenical Council, shall be defrayed from the Imperial exchequer.

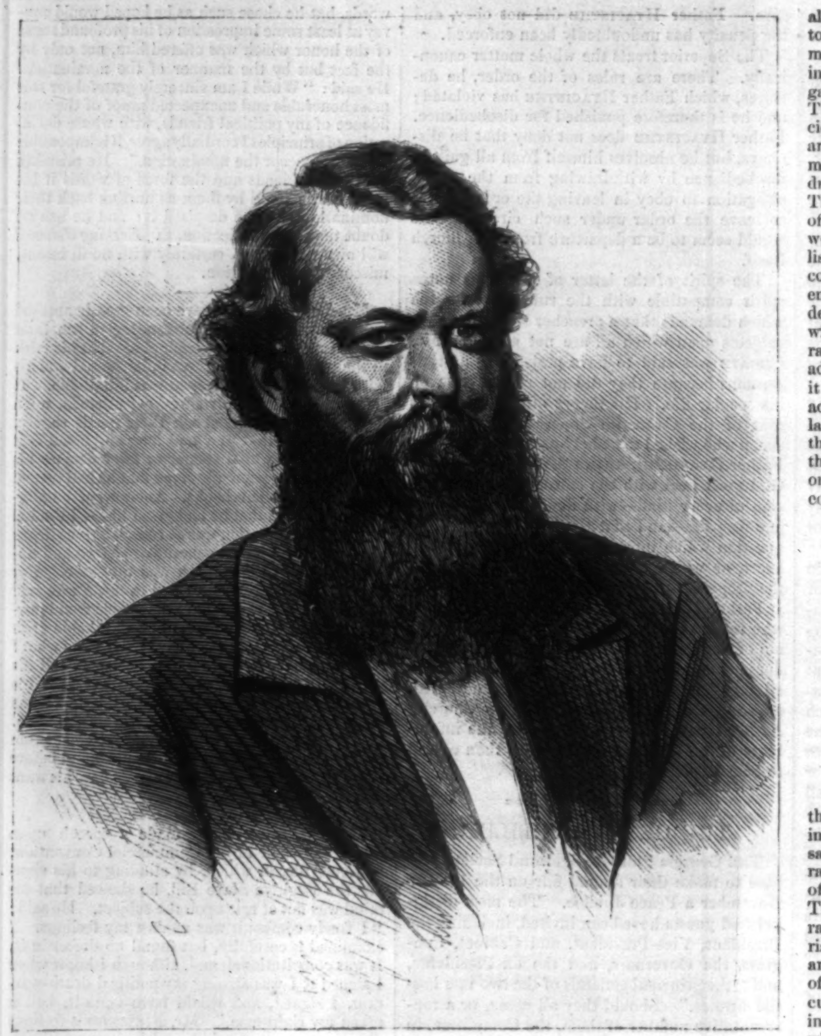
A clergyman of the Church of England—Rev. Chas. Voysey, rector of Halaugh, Yorkshire—has been preaching sermons so wildly heterodox in doctrine as to provoke the interference of the Archbishop.

The cost of the Paraguayan war to the allies is estimated to have been £66,888,000 and 189,840 men.

Castellar, the leader of the Spanish Republicans, has fled to Portugal. A number of the Provincial journals in Spain have been suppressed. The Republican Deputies of the Cortes refuse to attend the Chambers and are secreted in the city. Their arrest has been determined upon. In a recent debate in the Cortes General Prim is reported to have said that Spain only awaited a favorable result of the Cuban war to grant the colony all the reforms and liberties desired.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP.

THE new Secretary of War, Major-General WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, is a native of Hudson, New York. He was born in 1831; his father was Brigadier-General BELKNAP, a soldier in the War of 1812, and in the Mexican War. On the death of his father BELKNAP moved to Iowa. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa. For gallantry at Shiloh he was made Lieutenant-Colonel and Provost-Marshal of the Fifteenth Corps. He afterward rejoined his regiment as Colonel; after the fall of Vicksburg he was brevetted Brigadier-General, and led the Iowa Brigade in the Atlanta campaign. He marched to the sea with General SHERMAN, and, on the arrival of the Army at Savannah, was brevetted Major-General. He commanded a division of the Fifteenth Army Corps in the march through the Carolinas, fought his last fight at Bentonville, and at the end of the war was offered the rank of Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, which he declined. He delivered the address at the last reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. As to his competency for the exalted position to which he has been appointed, it is sufficient to say that President GRANT has carefully followed his past career, and has given him the preference to all others.



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM M. BELKNAP, THE NEW SECRETARY OF WAR.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE.

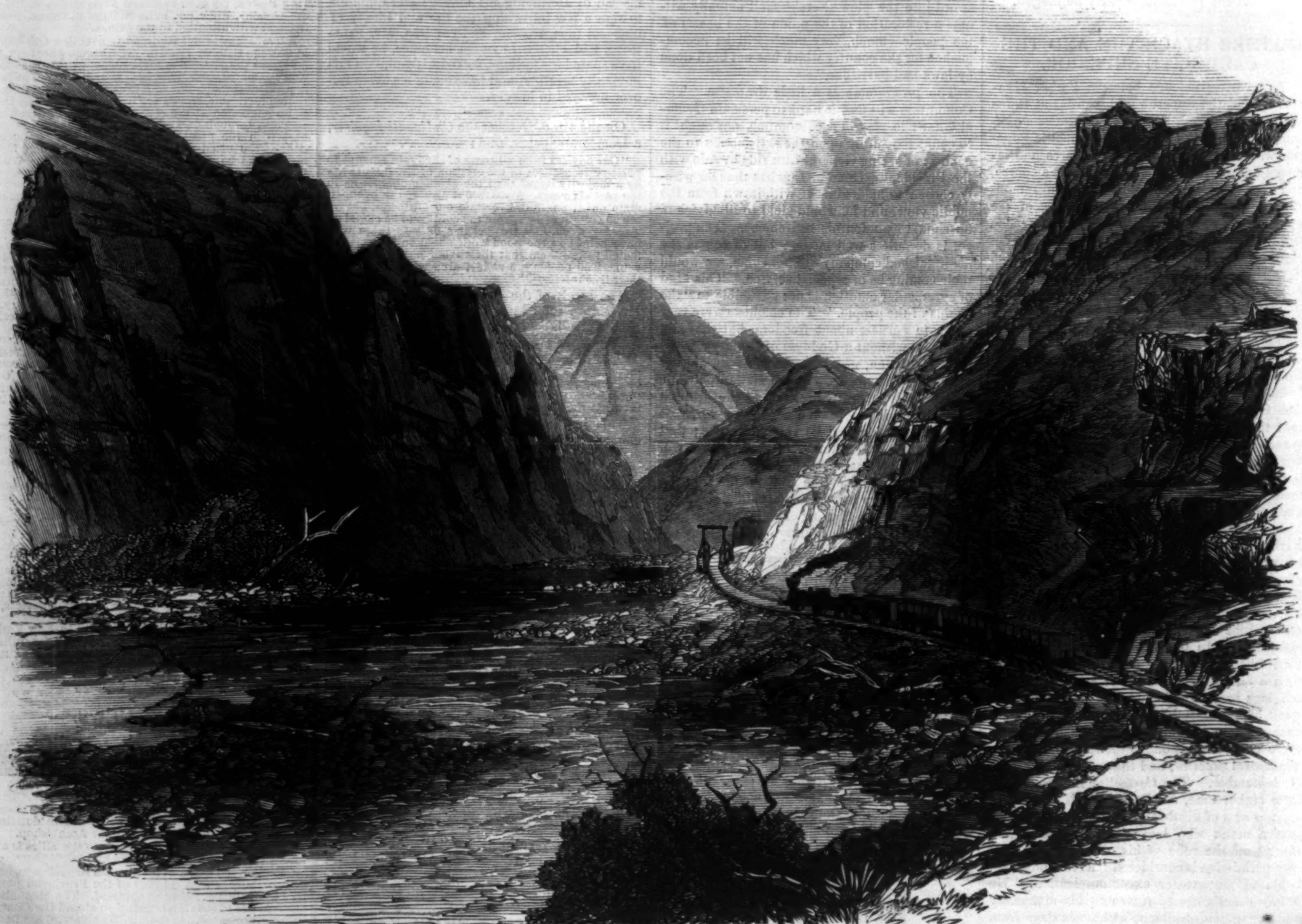
THE occasion of the commemoration at Prague of the fifth centenary of the great Reformer HUSS has been associated with the recent proceedings in Bohemia having reference to that assertion of nationality against Austrian absorption which so long characterized the proceedings of the patriotic Hungarians. The leaders of the movement, remembering the old fame of Bohemia, and wishing to see it restored, were determined not to let such an opportunity pass unimproved, and accordingly the festival assumed an almost solemn importance. The occasion was all that could be desired; the raising of a monument to HUSS was certain to evoke a large amount of enthusiasm; and the result verified the promoters' expectations, for within the walls of Prague were assembled all those who had the Zeck nationality at heart. At their head—as they are always the leaders on such occasions—were PALACKY, RIEGER, Count HARRACH, KLANDY, ZEYTHAUNER, BRAUNER-SKREYSOWSKI, SLADKOWSKI, and some others less celebrated. All the Sclave peoples recognizing the sovereignty of the house of Austria sent deputations, all the trade corporations marched with banners and sung the National Hymn, and the same ceremony was being observed in every town in Bohemia. The commemoration was started in Hussiners, a little village where JOHN HUSS first saw the light in the fourteenth century; and the house in which he was born is still standing—a plain, unpretending edifice enough, resembling the ordinary dwellings of the Bohemian peasantry. It would seem as though its preservation had been decreed that it might remain a national monument; and it was an exciting spectacle to see defiling before so simple a structure 20,000 men adorned with the national colors and shouting patriotic hymns with a high enthusiasm that gave extra pathos to the wild and stirring airs. The town of Prague—most picturesque of ancient European centres of population—presented an impressive spectacle; but the crowning moment, when RIEGER mounted a balcony, and addressed the assembled crowds, defies description. The people had taken possession of every point of vantage; and even the roofs of the houses were packed with eager assemblies waiting to listen to one of the most popular orators in the country. So great is his fame that even in Vienna silence reigns in every meeting where he deigns to speak; and his very opponents listen with profound attention to his eloquent harangues. It would be impossible to convey any adequate idea of his speech on this occasion; for it would need the action, tone, and gesture that accompanied it, even if it could be properly translated into another language. Suffice it to say that every eye and every ear of the assembled thousands seemed to hang upon him as he went on, and the answering enthusiasm was fully equal to the ceremony that had called it forth.

LURKING LOVE.

WHEN lurking love in ambush lies
Under friendship's fair disguise,
When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating spite or spleen;
When, like Sorrow, he seduces;
When, like Pleasure, he amuses;
Still, howe'er the parts are cast,
'Tis but "Lurking Love" at las..

THE WEBER CAÑON.

WE give on this page a view of the scenery of the Weber River cañon, near the Great Salt Lake, in Utah Territory. This wild gorge of the Wasatch range of mountains, through which the railway enters the Mormon settlement, was one of the most difficult parts of the line to construct. The Weber River, a large stream, with many rapids, cleaves its way through high bluffs that rise more than a thousand feet above its channel, and breaks out at the Devil's Gate into the plain of the Great Salt Lake. Several embankments, cuttings, tunnels, and bridges were needful within a short length of railroad. The tunnel, to which the opening is shown in our view, was excavated by the Mormons, being comprised in a contract known as "the hundred-mile job," taken by a party of those industrious saints, under the personal direction of BRIGHAM YOUNG himself. The train which appears on the line is traveling westward toward California. This point is about one thousand miles west of the Missouri River.



THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—WEBER CANON AND RIVER.

STOPPED HALF-WAY!

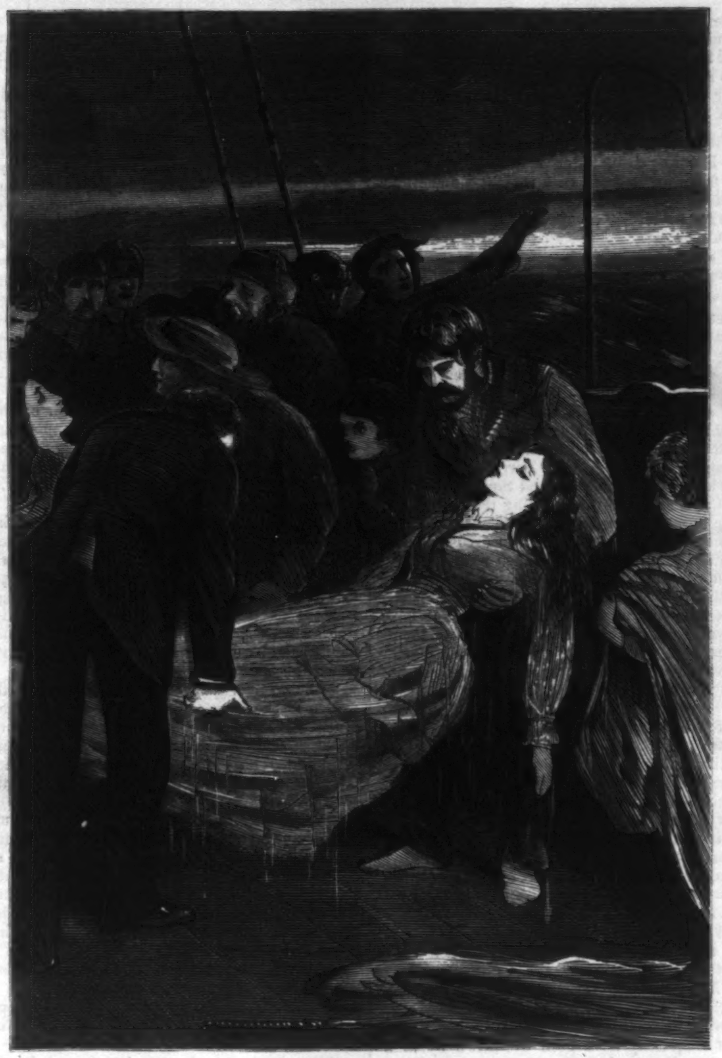
THE tender of the *Hector* was lying alongside the wharf, waiting for the last contingent of passengers to go off to the ship. Few people, indeed, except those accustomed to such scenes, could feel otherwise than perfectly distracted amidst the hubbub that ensued.

The steam-whistle from the tender blowing, the bell ringing with that maddening sound preluding every departure of this kind, convincing all timid people that they are inevitably too late, deafening them, and driving them nearly wild in their frantic efforts to make their voices heard above the din and uproar; harsh tones raised to shrillness in command, and echoes of responses to orders carried out; such sounds and sights are not to be forgotten, especially when we know that deep and touching human feelings and emotions are making themselves heard and felt all around.

There were partings between mothers and sons, sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters, even husbands and wives; friends determining to go out to the ship, to get the last glimpse of their dear ones, some resolving to part at once. There were faces bathed in tears, others set and rigid, as they gazed their last, perhaps, into loving eyes, now filled with looks of sad and yearning tenderness.

Among these groups I was struck with one of three women, consisting of two young girls and an elderly lady; but whether the latter was the mother of the younger ones, or merely some old and confidential nurse or housekeeper, I could not quite make out. They were questioning and consulting about the place of parting: should it be here, or should they all go off to the vessel?

The elder female seemed to be in great sorrow, and the girls were dreading to leave her. The crowd around them where they stood was very thick; and as they were jostled about from place to place I could not help noticing the extreme beauty of the elder sister. She was charming to look upon—bewitching I may call her; for the feelings of the moment gave a marvelous mobility and amount of expression to a countenance in itself perfect in line and feature. Masses of soft chestnut-brown hair seemed to frame the delicate oval face, which was lighted up by a pair of dark blue eyes, shaded with long silky lashes. A small and rather provoking nose, an insinuating pouting little mouth, and dimpled chin, together with a beautifully formed head, gracefully poised on a tall and elegant figure, made up indeed a most fascinating specimen of feminity.



"WE SAW THE THREE SAFELY DRAGGED OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT."

During the time occupied in the depositing of the mails I ventured to address the three women, for their perplexity seemed increasing every moment. I saw at a glance how matters stood. The steam-tender was terribly crowded, and they were evidently timid about going on board. I also made out that the girls wished to have the parting with their old friend or nurse over at once; so, after consulting a moment with Simmons, who seemed rather proud of having me under his charge, and ready to do me honor, and fall into my wishes in every way, I offered to give them a seat in our boat. In a well-managed aside, I ventured to say to one of the ladies, "Pray let farewell be said here." I felt that I was perfectly justified in addressing them under such circumstances, when all conventionalities are cast away, and all differences of position and rank are utterly ignored. I was sure that it could be only right to smooth away the difficulties that seemed to add so much perplexity to the sorrow that was uppermost in the hearts of these three ladies, for ladies in one sense they unquestionably were, although perhaps wanting a certain something in tone and refinement.

The removal of the gangway, and the departure of the steam-tug, amidst loud shouts and cheers, now absolutely compelled the young ladies to accept my offer. As nothing could be waited for after the mails were on board, it was necessary that the steam-tender should be alongside the ship, with its living cargo discharged, before the arrival of the mail-boat; thus I had still time to make some arrangements for the comfort of my fellow-passengers.

While purposely busying myself in this way the parting between my three friends took place. All passed quickly and quietly; but I own to having felt some very unusual choking sensations while glancing at the sorrowful faces of the girls as I handed them into our boat, which in another moment was cutting her way through the sparkling water toward the *Hector*. For a time I knew that sobs and tears must have their way with my two companions, and all my best and most chivalrous feelings were aroused as I noticed their weeping sad young faces looking so lovely in their sorrow.

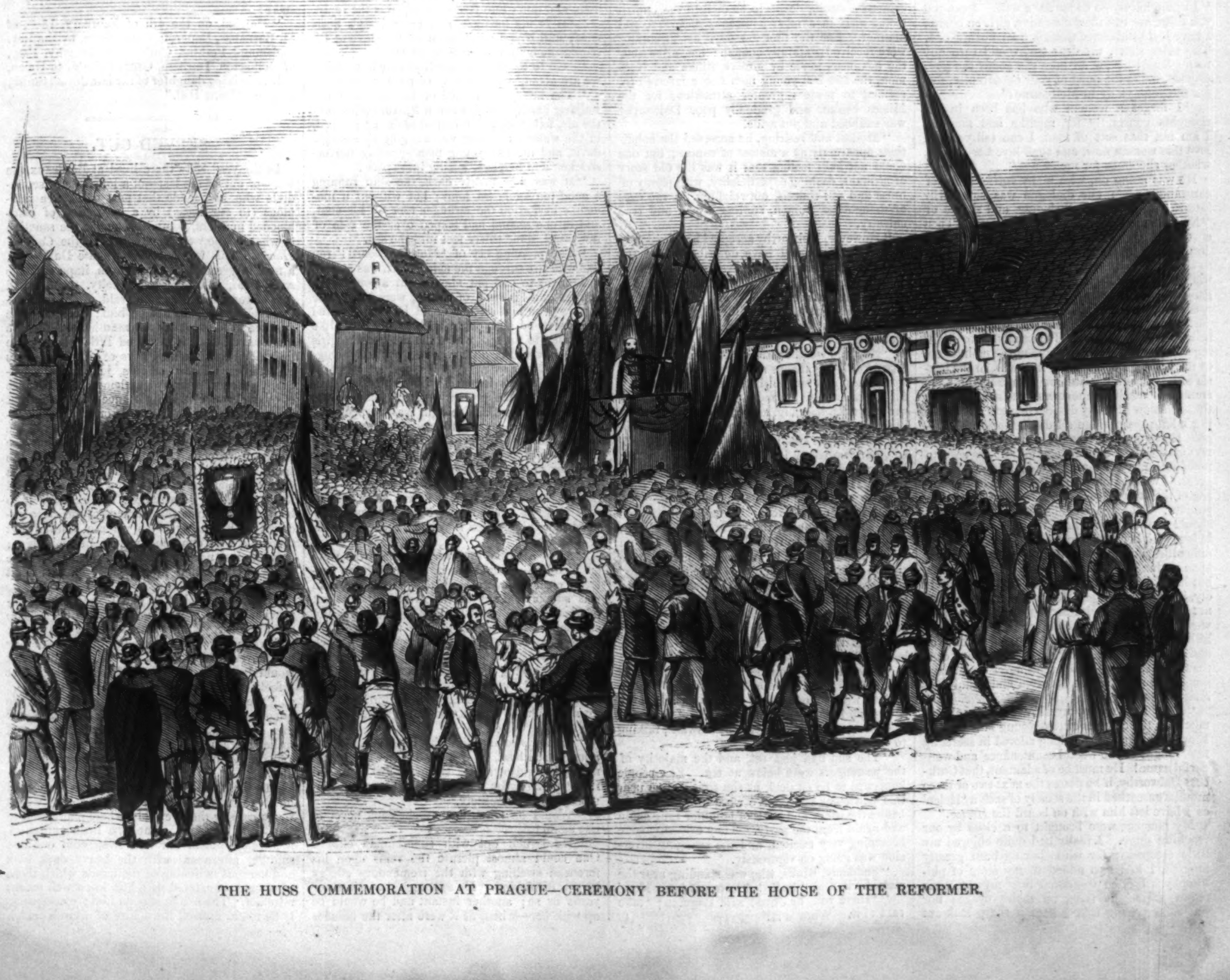
I could only glean from them, in a few broken words, that they were going to Cape Town, where a married brother resided. They were orphans, they told me, and had just parted from a very dear old nurse, who had taken charge of them from childhood. I also found that their name was Smith. The name certainly was familiar to me; indeed, I am positive I had heard it before, but never had I seen such charming bearers of it.

As we neared the ship they began to recover themselves a little; and I almost wished that I, too, was going to the Antipodes.

"A voyage with such companions," thought I, "would be, in truth, a very phœnix of voyages!"

Arriving alongside the vessel, I did all in my power, in carrying shawls, hand-bags, etc., to assist my companions up the gangway.

Feeling that their position was really a very unprotected one, my first care, after having stowed away their little packages, found out their cabin



THE HUSS COMMEMORATION AT PRAGUE—CEREMONY BEFORE THE HOUSE OF THE REFORMER.

for them, and done such small offices as time allowed, was to see the stewardess, and to interest her in my fair charges.

Great confusion reigned even here, but there was order in it—no doubts, no counter-orders now! Partings were all but over; and, for weal or for woe, each heart there had to face a new future. I speculated much upon the fate of the elder of my two friends, who smiled most sweetly upon me as I bade her and her sister my last adieu.

On leaving the saloon I ran with great force, in my haste, against a young man, who, by his costume, was evidently an outward-bound passenger. I believe I must have hurt him, from his look of mute and half-angry surprise; but it soon passed away, and I was both interested and amused by the manner in which he took my apologies.

"Don't apologize, pray," he said; "for my part, I should not have cared much if you had knocked the breath clean out of me; I don't find life a very enviable thing just now!"

He was a fine stalwart-looking fellow, but with something rather eccentric in his appearance and manner, which was increased by a peculiarly lachrymose expression of countenance. He carried a small black leathern hand-bag, on which was painted in white letters, so conspicuous that I could not fail to read it, the name of "Cuthbert Dolworthy, Esq."

At such times, when people are saying good-by on the eve of a long voyage, social formalities are but little regarded; and those who have undergone a sorrowful leave-taking, or whose feelings are much excited by conflicting emotions, seldom scruple to fall into conversation, and even to indulge in confidences with complete strangers. Thus it was that, in a few minutes after our rencontre, and after I had expressed my regret that life was so unsatisfactory a thing to him, Mr. Dolworthy and I found ourselves talking as if we had been acquaintances of some standing. We came up on deck again together, and, continuing our dialogue, he went on to say:

"I am going out to Melbourne; and perhaps your mirth will be somewhat excited if I tell you for what purpose. People say I'm a queer fellow, and I dare say I am; but, the truth is, I want to ask a girl out there to be my wife. I only left Melbourne six months ago; I had made as much money as I wanted, and came to England."

"Why, in the name of fortune," I inquired, "did not you make your *inamorata* certain, as well as your money?"

"Ah! I don't know, I'm sure—want of pluck, perhaps; I was afraid she would refuse me; and though I'm a cool hand at most things, in this I behaved like an ass! But some women, you know, can make fools of strong men. I don't think she cared for me, and I hoped I might forget her by coming to England, but I can't, so I determined to know my fate, and here I am at the starting-point again!"

"If I were you," said I, tickled at his oddity, "I would hardly go so far for a wife. I can tell you there are two most charming girls on board; I have just established them in their birth, No. 4. The elder sister, my dear Sir, would turn any man's head! Now do take the goods the gods provide, make the most of your opportunity, forget the young lady in Melbourne!"

"I forget a woman who has been in my thoughts constantly for months and months! I am not that sort of man, I can tell you! I love this woman now, and shall love her always, whether she cares for me or not."

He was going on, with many vociferations of constancy, when our dialogue was summarily interrupted by more bell-ringing, and shouts of "Now for the shore! now for the shore!" Then ensued a fresh hubbub and excitement, with more jostling and hustling, and I had but one moment to shake hands heartily with my new friend, and wish him "God-speed," before regaining the gangway.

Simmons's task ended, we re-entered our boat just as the noble *Hector's* broad canvas began to belly to a favorable wind. I naturally fell to thinking about life on shipboard, and my acquaintances of the hour. People living in towns, in the bustle of large communities, are not readily prone to commit themselves in matters matrimonial; their thoughts flow in many divers channels; but during a long sea passage all distinctions are leveled. Every one falls into the same social position, no distinctions are made, and for months perhaps no opportunity is offered for comparing social degrees. I was but mortal, and could not help thinking of the pretty face of the elder of my two companions. If I had been going out in the *Hector* I should then and there have fallen head over ears in love with her. All the perplexities, objections, difficulties, and obstacles incidental to marrying upon nothing would have vanished into thin air; but had I come across her in what is called society, it would have been a different matter. I could not have kept pace with my more prosperous and wealthy friends as a married man; for what had hitherto sufficed for one would have to do for two, and perhaps in time for half a dozen. But I own that these selfish considerations never would have found place amidst the boredom and ennui of a long sea voyage.

"Ah!" I thought to myself, "I would not give much for the chances of that young lady in Melbourne who has been so long adored in secret by my 'knight of the woeful countenance' and wonderful name! He must be of adamant, that Cuthbert Dolworthy, if he passes the next two or three months unscathed in the society of such a 'Helen' as I have left him with on board the *Hector*."

My musings were brought to a close by our reaching shore. I really had quite enjoyed my little escapade; for while having been greatly amused, I had also added to my store of philosophy. I often wondered how my sometime fellow-passengers fared on their voyage; nor was it surprising that I kept a sharp look-out for some news of the *Hector*. And lo! one fine morning, a few months after, I had news indeed!

With the keenest interest I read the subjoined story in a Portstower paper, which my friend Dick Crosbie sent me:

"GALLANTRY AND ROMANCE AT SEA.

"From a private letter we are enabled to give the following account of a romantic and tragic incident which occurred on board the clipper ship *Hector* on her voyage between England and the Cape:

* * * * * * * *

"There was a fair complement of passengers, and we had been at sea a sufficient time for them to settle into the little coteries and cliques which form a distinguishing feature of society during long voyages. The learned and literary had come together, and the very proper and serious people had fallen into their places, likewise the fast and noisy, who, in this instance, were the most numerous. Two brainless young men were conspicuous among the latter for a tremendous flirtation, which they were carrying on with a couple of young ladies named Smith, bound for the Cape, and who were making the voyage, for some unaccountable reason, quite alone. These girls did not appear to have been accustomed to such attentions as they were then receiving, and the novelty of the life, the bracing air, the fine weather we were enjoying, and the general pleasant excitement which prevailed, seemed to have drawn them, perhaps imperceptibly to themselves, into a course of conduct and behavior which something about them indicated was not the natural bent of their dispositions.

"Be this as it may, not an opportunity was lost for the *partie carrée* for 'carrying on,' as the phrase goes, on all possible occasions. Madcap pranks, and an evident desire to chaff and make game of every body not in their set, formed leading characteristics of their conduct. One of the chief butts of their merriment was a tall, good-looking, athletic young fellow, but who, from his melancholy mood, downcast looks, deep-drawn sighs, and 'banished lord' sort of aspect, formed a fair prey for their gibes and ridicule.

"This behavior frequently bordered on downright rudeness, and little effort was made to subdue their voices when indulging in their comments.

"Many such expressions as 'poor old moody-mug!' 'don't disturb him!' 'he's in love, you know!' 'have pity!' 'dear old sober-sides!' etc., must frequently have been overheard by him. However, he was either unconscious, or unwilling to take any notice of what was going on. It appeared to make not the slightest difference to him; and, for aught one could tell by the expression of his face, he might have been deaf, dumb, and blind for any effect that this questionable conduct seemed to produce. The more questionable from the fact that, at the outset of our voyage, Mr. Dolworthy, as he was called, evinced a strong desire to be civil to the unprotected girls in a most courteous and respectful manner. For the first few days his attentions were received gratefully enough; but, after that, the advances made by Messrs. Binks and Bagman, the two fast young men above referred to, seemed to possess greater attractions for the Misses Smith, and gradually poor Dolworthy was snubbed and put aside.

"Modest and retiring, he accepted the conditions apparently as a matter of course; but one could not help feeling that it was the old story of brilliant, dashing superficiality, with plenty of brass and self-conceit, outweighing, in the eyes of thoughtless women, sterling worth and true chivalry.

"However, Dolworthy accepted his position in the stoical manner I have described; and the only distraction in which he ever indulged was in occasionally joining the sailors in hoisting, lowering, or re-setting the sails, and other employments incidental to nautical life, showing therein considerable knowledge, and a keen zest for vigorous exercise.

"Now the weather was so fine that the boats, instead of being always made snug on deck, were sometimes (contrary to the usual custom at sea), for the sake of giving more room, thrust outside the bulwarks, hanging, as we landsmen commonly see them, over the water from the davits. Into one of these, the smallest (I forget what it is called), our two young ladies were frequently in the habit of mounting, by the assistance of their cavaliers. There they would sit for hours, sometimes far into the evening, reading, or chattering to their friends on the deck. Occasionally, seized by a sudden impulse, the result of high spirits, they would begin to rock the boat backward and forward like a cradle, by swaying themselves from side to side, getting what they called 'a swing.' In these efforts they were, of course, aided and abetted by Messrs. Binks and Bagman.

"On more than one occasion they had received an official caution against doing this; but little heed was taken of any thing which was calculated to interfere with their amusements.

"On a certain evening, not quite as fine as usual, there being a strong breeze, the little group of four were assembled at their favorite haunt; the young ladies seated in the stern of the boat, the young men leaning over the bulwark, talking to them.

"The sun had just set, and the majority of the passengers were below at tea. Few people happened to be on deck at the time—none near this particular boat. We were running briskly before the wind, and peals of laughter rang again and again from the party. They evidently were becoming very excited, and the swinging diversion was going on vigorously.

"Suddenly, Binks, who was standing near the stern davit, said, 'Hallo! I have got a new idea.'

"'Have you, by Jove!' said Bagman; 'take care of it. What is it?'

"'Why, look here!' the other went on; 'we can give our little pets a new sensation, and swing them up and down, instead of across and across.'

"With this he began to unfasten the rope which ran through the pulleys and blocks of the iron stanchion or davit, and by which the stern end of the boat could be lowered into the water.

"'But you must hold tight though, by Jove, old fellow,' said his friend. 'Oh, all right, don't you fear. Now then, ladies, sit fast; down you go, and up again, only a little way; lend us a hand, Bagman.' And the two gradually allowed the stern of the boat to drop some two feet out of the horizontal. An accompanying titter and suppressed scream followed the movement as the boat was immediately brought back to its proper position. Again it was repeated, and again, and again, amidst the general merriment of the four; the girls enjoying the fun equally with the men.

"Emboldened by the success of their experiment, they lowered the boat each time more and more, until at length this very perilous proceeding became fraught with the most terrible danger. It was, indeed, a case of playing with edged tools.

"Here were two cockney landsmen meddling recklessly with gear which requires the most dextrous handling, the mismanagement of which, in cases of lowering boats at sea, has, perhaps, led to more loss of life than any other single incident at a time of shipwreck. On they went, however, with their game, the two men hauling the rope backward and forward with the effect described.

"Should it slip from their hands, or the weight of the boat, with its burden, become too much for their strength, nothing in the world could prevent the unfortunate girls from being precipitated into the sea, the boat being left dangling perpendicularly by its bows to the second davit.

"'See-saw, Margery Daw, here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down,' and other similar intellectual quotations, formed an appropriate accompaniment to this diabolically idiotic proceeding. A man coming slowly along the deck in the twilight suddenly increased his speed on seeing what was going on, and, with a deprecatory action, cried:

"'For God's sake, gentlemen, desist, desist! Do you know what you are doing?'

"'Rather,' replied Bagman; 'we flatter ourselves we generally *do* know what we are up to. Don't we, Binks?'

"But Binks's reply was interrupted by the renewed vehemence and protestations of the new-comer, who appeared almost inclined forcibly to prevent a continuance of the hazardous game.

"'If that rope slips from your hands, the young ladies will be drowned,' he went on.

"'Yes! but, you see, we don't mean to let it slip. Confound it, Sir, mind your own business, and don't interfere with us,' was the reply.

"'It *is* my business, and every body's business; and if you don't leave off this instant I'll fetch somebody who shall make you.'

"'Go to the deuce. I tell you we know what we are about,' was the only response to this.

"The interposer turned on his heel, and was walking hastily away, when a fearful shriek rent the air, followed, as he looked back, by a splash in the water; the boat was hanging by a single davit, and the two young men standing horror-stricken and helpless, gazing into space!

"It was now nearly dark, the ship running a good ten knots an hour; but without a moment's hesitation the stranger tore off his coat, and in one second had leaped over the side of the vessel, some thirty feet into the sea.

"The piercing cry of 'Man overboard!' ran like wild-fire through the ship, which was speedily brought to and put about; but a long space of time and distance, of course, were lost before the way she had on her could be counteracted and she could be brought back to any thing like proximity to the spot where the unfortunate girls and their would-be preserver were probably struggling for life.

"A boat was lowered with marvelous dexterity and all the promptitude and skill of the best seamanship; a blue-light was burned; the passengers and crew crowded every available space, and with eager straining eyes watched the boat's proceedings. By the aid of the last glimmer of day and the strong blue-light there was little difficulty in seeing what went on. To the unspeakable joy of all, it was soon evident that those in the boat were pulling lustily toward something which they had discovered sooner than we.

"After a while, however, we, too, who were on board ship, could see it, and it became perfectly clear to every body that the brave man was supporting one of the girls as he struck out manfully toward the boat. There was not sufficient sea running greatly to impede his efforts, but ever and anon he would look back over his shoulder, as if looking for something else. Following the direction toward which his head turned, we at last discerned, as did he, at about twelve yards' distance from him, another form, which, of course, we knew to be that of the unhappy sister.

"Instantly relinquishing his intention of swimming to the boat, he deliberately put about and made straight away for the poor girl, who had risen probably for the last time. It was a moment of intense anxiety.

"Would he reach her ere she sank never to rise again?

"He struck out with superhuman efforts. One could almost picture the veins upon his forehead swelling with the tremendous energy he was displaying. He approached within three yards or so; another instant and he would be up with her—when, as it were after the manner of dissolving views, her form seemed fading away!

"But no! thank Heaven! Another vigorous stroke with his right arm, the only one at liberty, and he held up the drooping head above water! Trammeled as he now was with the two sisters, of course all efforts at motion had to be given up. To keep afloat with his burdens was the utmost he could do.

"His arms were unavailable, and it appeared a great question whether, fine swimmer as he evidently was, he could sustain, by treading water, such an incumbrance, until the boat should reach him.

"It was a question of moments, and the anxiety which we had gone through in witnessing his efforts to reach the second girl was repeated in a tenfold degree as we watched and calculated the chances that the boat might have of coming up with him in time.

"It did, however, and, amidst a deafening cheer from the ship, we saw the three safely dragged over the side of the boat. On regaining the ship it appeared very doubtful, after all, if the great bravery and endurance displayed by our hero might not prove unavailing.

"Perfectly senseless, both sisters were subjected to the usual restoratives, but, unhappily, with a favorable result only in the case of the elder. The younger sister never showed the slightest symptoms of returning animation. Two days after she was consigned to that grave from which so much human endurance and courage had failed to rescue her.

"The wretched fellows who were the cause of this melancholy calamity naturally retired into a very unenviable and miserable obscurity for the rest of the voyage. It had been of course simply an accident; the rope had suddenly slipped through their hands, and, from the great weight attached to it, once on the run, it was impossible again to check it. It is needless to say the remainder of our voyage was unhappy enough.

"All cliques and coteries were leveled indeed now; but on arriving at Cape Town we lost the hero and heroine of the sad tragedy. It was the destination of Miss Helen Smith; and though Mr. Cuthbert Dolworthy had taken a passage right through to Melbourne, he did not hesitate to stop half-way for the sake of watching the thorough recovery and restoration to bodily health of the lady who owed her life to his noble and gallant behavior."

Running my eye down the rest of the column of the *Portstower Observer*, in which this remarkable story appeared, I found its fit and proper conclusion under another heading.

Ah me! I never thought that poor lady in Melbourne would have much of a chance. Oh, man, stern of courage, determined in purpose, unswerving in thy physical efforts to do the noblest deeds, how weak art thou still in thy heart! How easily turned from thy set intentions when the love of a woman is the sole commodity at stake!

"Married, on the 4th of February, 18—, at St. Barnabas, Bancroft, Cape Town, by the Rev. Sigismund Perkins, Cuthbert Dolworthy, Esq., of Dolbarton, Durham, Great Britain, to Helen, only remaining daughter of the late Josiah Smith, Esq., of Herne Hill."

SERVED OUT.

IN the year 183– there lived at Bordeaux the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call the *Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte De V——, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable *sang froid*, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte De V—— previous to the story I am about to tell was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a café by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good-humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte De V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited—especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garçon!"

"Garçon," he said, when that functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garçon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garçon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him:

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter; and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning, precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte De V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte De V——," he repeated, in a low voice.

"Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? Oh, nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?"

"And thou—thou art a Frenchman!"

No one *but* a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "*thou*."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garçon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off. "Garçon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the Count, loftily.

"I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please" (this to the waiter), "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully.

"Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which among men of honor—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which among men of honor—"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt among men of honor?" asked the other, with a shrug of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the Count, goaded to fury.

"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you—"

"Oh! don't trouble yourself on that score," said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."

This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep, as the two walked toward the house.

Was there no one to call "police?" no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there.

The Count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garçon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture, so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the Count standing with folded arms, glaring at him, the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantle-piece behind him, and said:

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycées I should, perhaps, have gained more book-knowledge; but as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I can not flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind what you came for; be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the mere vicious love of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more—a cowardly murderer, and a knavish."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully.

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the Count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions."

"You will fight me, then?"

"Yes. At the school we had been speaking of I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young B——."

"But it is degrading, brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller, and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— *had* got over your guard it would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front, whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unpresentable for many a long day. *That* number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; *that* number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and—well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then again the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule—so awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the Battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

ANDREW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER.

"It is not surprising that the sons of Dr. Andrew Reed should wish to publish the history of his life of goodness and active benevolence—though, in fact, the permanent records of his character and works exist in the many institutions which owe their existence to his activity and devotion." These are the words of the Queen of England in reference to a man who was the honored instrument of doing such a vast amount of good that his name undoubtedly ranks among the first philanthropists of the age.

Fond of books from infancy, his good mother not only trained and taught her little son, but entered with all sympathy into his pursuits—became his companion and friend. Nor was his pious father less tender and constant in cultivating the confidence of his son. The boy was sent to a school in Islington, and made great progress in his studies. The parents decided that he should learn his father's trade, but the boy petitioned to be allowed to study Hebrew and Greek. The careful mother, fearing that such studies might interfere with his progress in business, had him apprenticed to a master. But the temptation of books was a very harmless one compared with the temptations of another kind that awaited Andrew in his new situation. His master's son was a wild youth, and the young apprentice entered on his diary the following: "By the wicked behavior of my master's son I was made still worse. I went twice or thrice to the accursed play-houses." On this account he got his indentures canceled and returned to the parental roof. Working the usual hours at watch-making, in his leisure he kept his mother's books, instructed his sister, and taught a little orphan girl, their servant, to read and write—thus early beginning his orphan work.

Books, books, evermore books, were the choice friends of his leisure hours; and though he worked well at his trade, his good mother in her diary might well write down, "These are things which, if the lad be for business, show too much taste for study." And she was so far right, that God was leading him through secular to sacred pursuits. Andrew Reed's Hebrew and Greek studies led him to theology, and his joy knew no bounds when it was decided in the family counsels that he should go to college. He dismantled his little work-shop, sold his tools, and laid out the money in books.

It is almost needless to say that he was a successful student, and that on his leaving college he had many invitations to settle; but he ultimately became the minister of the church in the New Road, East London, where he remained the useful and honored pastor for no less a period than fifty years.

In 1816 he married Elizabeth Holmes, who proved an efficient helpmeet in the work of his ministry and in his plans of benevolence. His extraordinary career as a philanthropist is worthy of record. He began his work among the sea-faring population of London. He befriended the parents, established schools for the children, and founded the first penny bank for savings. He founded the London Orphan Asylum, the patronage of which became so extensive that in 1825 a large building was erected at Clapton at a cost of £25,000. Afterward he established at Wanstead an Infant Orphan Asylum, the erection of the building costing £40,000. He founded a third Orphan Asylum at Reedham, and also the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots.

Besides these stupendous works of faith and labors of love, Dr. Reed founded a Home for Incurables; and, not forgetting the interests of education, while employed in helping the helpless, he was the friend of the Hackney Grammar School, and always the active promoter of Sabbath and day schools for the children of the industrial classes.

Those who knew Dr. Reed best loved him most. Declining all offers of change, he staid, as we have recorded, with his beloved people as their pastor fifty years. On November 27, 1861, the anniversary of his birth, and of his ordination as their minister, he resigned his charge.

Amidst all his literary and other labors he did not think of writing his life. One of his sons, perceiving that his venerable father was fast failing, asked him if he had ever arranged any memoir. Dr. Reed replied by writing the following note: "To my saucy boy who said he would write my life, and asked for materials.

A. R.
I was born yesterday;
I shall die to-morrow;
And I must not spend to-day
In telling what I have done,
But in doing what I may for
Him
Who has done all for me.
I sprang from the people: I have lived for the people—
The most for the most unhappy;
And the people, when they know it,
Will not allow me to die out of loving remembrance."

What can be added to such a summary?

He died, as he had lived, happy in his Master's service, and conscious to the last of His love, February 25, 1862, aged 74. He had given out of his own limited means £4540 in promoting his various plans of benevolence; and he was the means of raising funds to the amount of £1,043,566 13*s.* 1*d.* for the helpless and afflicted!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Mons. Vieullot has written to the papers to say that his celebrated *Parfum de Rome* has not a particle of *Hyacinthe* in its composition.

America appears to think the Cuban harvest is at last fit for carrying. If she fail to accomplish the work it will not be for the want of *Sickles!*

Bad for the Rats—The coming of the Chinese.

A good Title for a Book—"Will It Take?"

The first Subject of Cannibalism—Job, when he was boiled.

A favorite Game in the Arctic Regions—"Old sledge" on the ice.

Should old acquaintance be forgot?—Not if they have money.

How Bounded.—At the American celebration of Independence-day at Vienna, this year, a speaker, growing eloquent on the future of the republic, repeated a description of its boundaries given by an enthusiastic Yankee, who said, "It was bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the Day of Judgment."

HINTS FROM A POSTMASTER.

When you call at the office for your mail, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be.

Don't bring the mail to the office until the mail closes, then curse the postmaster for not unlocking the mail-bag and putting your letter in.

When you want a stamp on your letter, tell the postmaster to put it on.

Be sure to ask the postmaster to credit you with stamps, and if he has any accommodation about him at all, he will do it.

If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands you your mail; it makes him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.

"If you had avoided rum," said a rum-seller to his customer, "you could now ride in your carriage." "And if you had never sold rum," said the bacchanal, "you would have been my driver."

One of our young readers in the West sends us the following letter and poem:

Dear Editor, Enclosed find a ryme on the picture in this weeks weekly entitled A Little Peacemaker. If you think it is worth anything you will greatly oblige by publishing. I am not quite fourteen yet and find great difficulty in keeping out of Ryme. Whenever I feel so inclined I get a life of Chatterton and cool down my enthusiasm, but I have read so often that there were pieces of arsenic in his throat when they found him, that I am afraid I am getting calous and soon even that dodge may fail. I have been at work since I was ten years old and therefore I have not much education. I followed the career of Squinteyed Bob and various other personages whose adventures are set forth in dime novels. and after stopping that in disgust I plunged into science on my own hook. Dipping one day into one thing and the next day into another, and here I am knowing scarcely anything and so I guess I will stop

Yours truly

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER

1
Mama leaning 'gainst the mantle
With her face all in a pout
Papa hid behind the paper
Shows there's been a falling out

2
Lilly sitting on the carpet
Flaxen hair and sky blue eyes
Looks from one unto the other
With a grave surprise

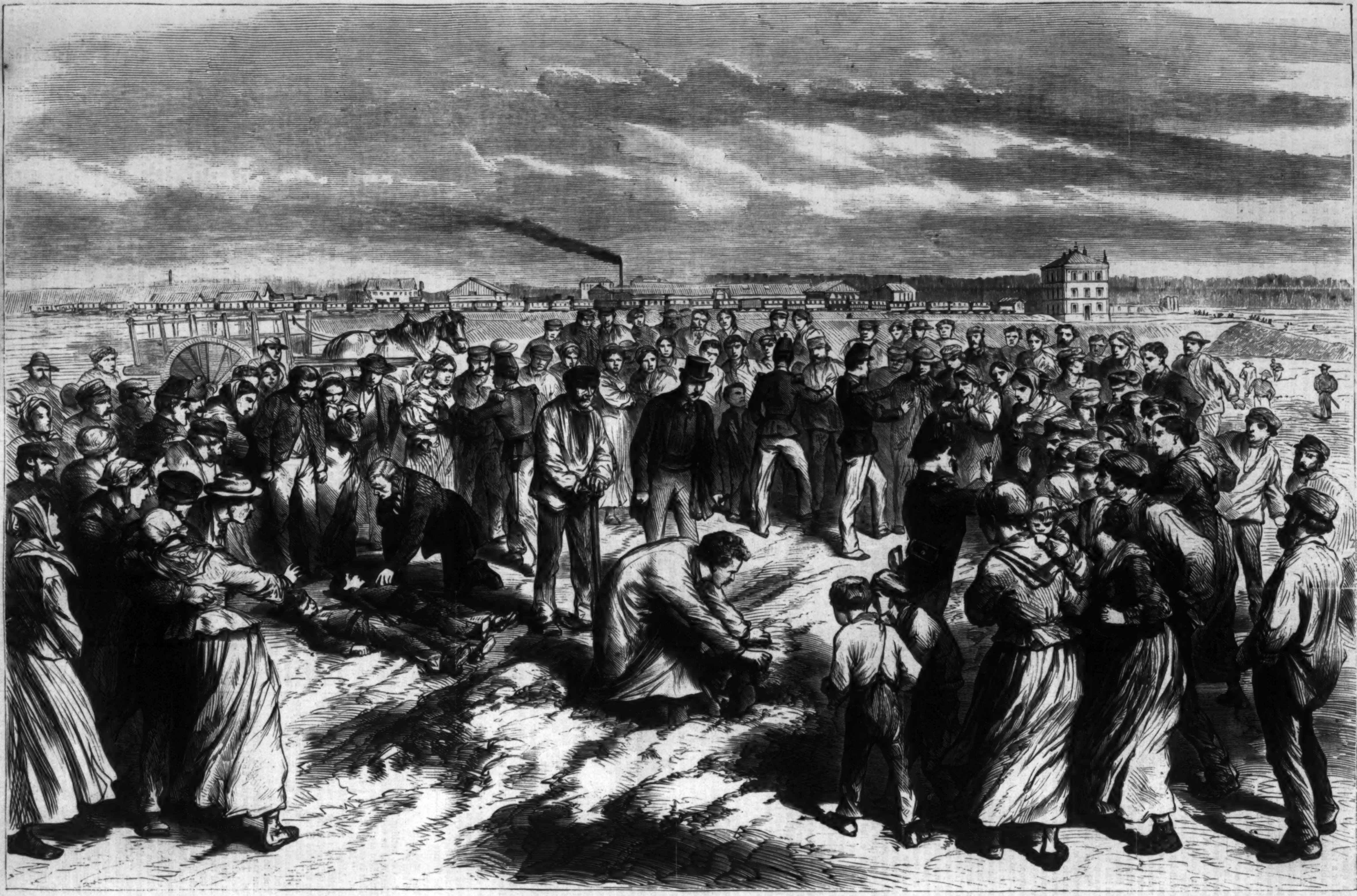
3
Till at last she drops her Dolly
Rises softly from the floor
Passes Pa who tries in vain
O'er the daily news to pore

4
Catches mama's listless fingers
Tugs away with all her might
And her baby voice of pleading
Puts all angry thoughts to flight

5
Dispersed angry feelings widely
As the wind would scatter chaff
Mother stooped and kissed her darling
Breaking in a merry laugh

6
Papa dropped his paper joyous
Caught sweet Lilly to his breast—
Now I'll stop, for more is useless
Let the reader guess the rest

"I say, Sam Johnsing," said Pete Gumbo, "wat be dem relations with Gray Brittum vite folks talk so much 'bout?" "Wall, I doesn't 'zactly know, Pete," said Sam; "all my relations wot I knows on is in ole Wirginny."



THE PANTIN TRAGEDY—THE DISCOVERY OF THE SIX CORPSES OF THE KINCK FAMILY IN LANGLOI'S FIELD.—[See Page 697.]

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

No murder for many years has created an excitement so universal as the recent horrid butchery, in France, of Madame Kinck and her six children (besides an infant unborn), to whom must probably be added another victim—namely, Madame Kinck's husband. The bodies of the mother and of five of the children—four sons and one daughter—were, on the 21st of September, accidentally discovered by a peasant in a field in the neighborhood of Pantin, a little village situated a short distance northward from Paris.

On the 22d the police had already ascertained that the deceased were the wife and children of Jean Kinck, an engine-maker of Roubaix (a manufacturing town of the north of France), who had just left their native town in order to join their husband and father in Paris. As the latter and his eldest son, Gustave Kinck, had both disappeared, it was at first supposed that they were the murderers. Certain discussions, to which money matters had given rise, in the family confirmed this suspicion; and, moreover, a mysterious young man, who had been stopping for the last ten days at a small inn near the railway-station of Pantin, had given his name as Jean Kinck.

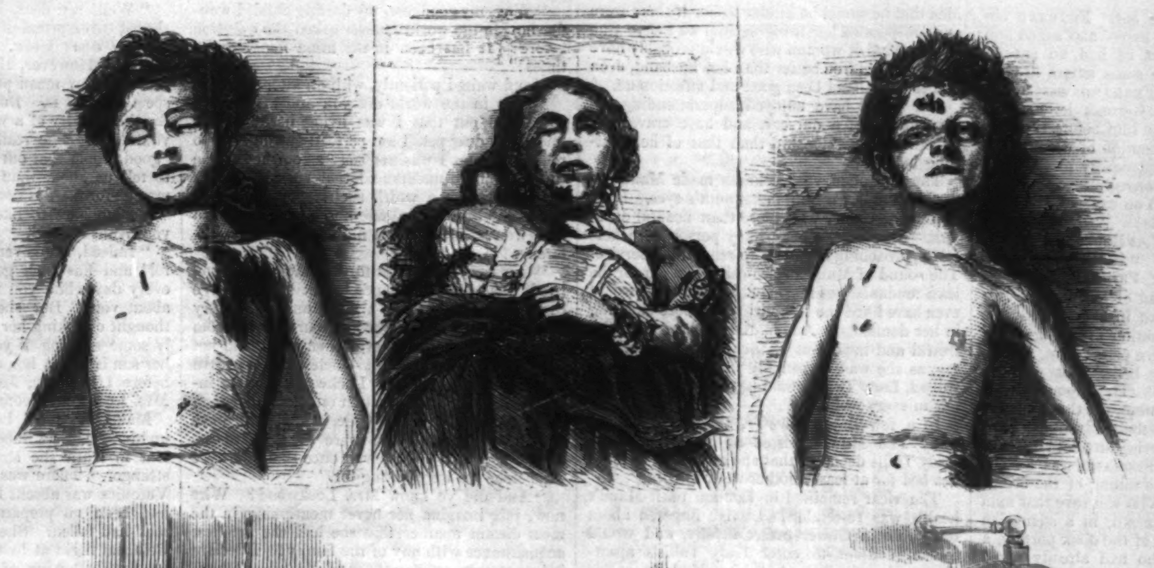
Jean Kinck, the father, was possessed of a property of 80,000 francs, equal to $16,000 in gold. He had gone to Guebwiller, in Alsace, to establish a branch of his business. He was soon followed by his son Gustave, a boy of about sixteen years of age, and it was settled that the entire family should shortly remove its residence to Guebwiller.

In a few days Madame Kinck sent to her husband 5500 francs by a registered letter. Kinck did not himself appear to receive this money, but the letter was called for by a young man representing himself as Jean Kinck, but whose conduct excited suspicion, in consequence of which the letter was not given up to him. Meanwhile Madame Kinck regularly received letters from her husband, dated in Paris. These letters were not in his hand—but that was explained by an accident. In obedience, as she supposed, to her husband's request, she departed from Roubaix for Pantin, September 19.

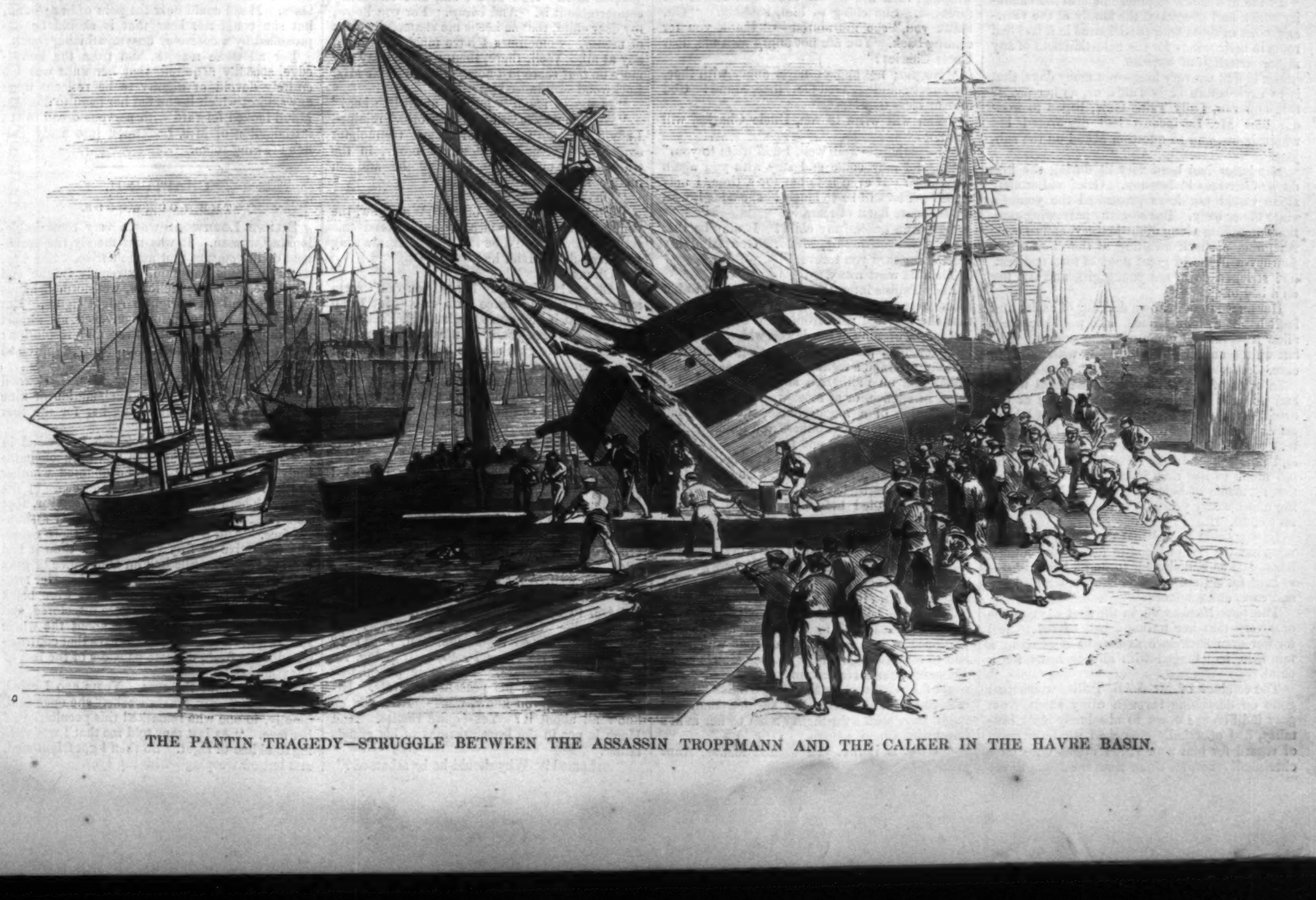
She was ignorant of the fate which awaited her. For, instead of being about to join her husband, she was rushing into the arms of Jean Baptiste Troppmann, his probable murderer—the young man who had attempted to obtain the registered letter at Guebwiller! She, with her children, was beguiled to the scene of the terrible tragedy about to be enacted. It was at night, and out in the solitary field the mother and the children were brutally butchered, being literally hacked to pieces by the assassin. The victims were hurriedly buried, with only a scanty covering of earth over their bodies.

The bodies first discovered did not include those of the father and son. This led to the supposition that they were the murderers. There had been some altercation between Kinck and his wife about the question of altering their residence, and this was brought forward as confirmatory of the husband's guilt. A story was framed out of the merest fantasy: Jean Kinck was jealous, and had murdered his wife on account of some illicit amour.

While these conjectures were rife, Troppmann, the real assassin, was discovered. It was at Havre. Troppmann was taking his beer at a sailor's drinking saloon, No. 57 Rue Royale, when a marine gendarme, named Ferrand, who was going his rounds at 10 o'clock P.M. to drive tardy sailors on board their ships, saw him, and, from the descriptions he had received of the supposed Pantin murderer, suspected him, and took him to the police station. The two went out together and walked along the Rue Royale and the Quai aux Casernes. Presently Ferrand asked his *quasi* prisoner what was his name. "Wandergenburque," at least that is the nearest



THE VICTIMS OF THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.



THE PANTIN TRAGEDY—STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE ASSASSIN TROPPMANN AND THE CALKER IN THE HAVRE BASIN.

spelling that can be made out. FERRAND observed that it was a queer name, and asked him if it was really true that he had no papers. "Yes," he said, "I have some letters in German," showing them. FERRAND was by no means satisfied with the German letters, and said he should have to take him before the Procureur Imperial, at the mention of which functionary TROPPMANN turned deadly pale. Continuing his insidious but conversational examination, FERRAND said: "You say you come for work—what is your trade?" "A mechanic." "Where do you live?" "At Roubaix." "And where are you last from?" "Paris." The three words, mechanic, Roubaix, Paris, were a revelation to FERRAND. Instead of keeping his own counsel till he had his man in safe custody, he could not resist the temptation of giving utterance to his belief in his own penetration, and he said, "Yes, and it's my belief that you left Paris by way of Pantin." Thereupon TROPPMANN, in despair—they were on the Pont de Lombardie at the time—took advantage of a cab passing along the carriage-road to rush to the left foot-way, while FERRAND was on the right, and jumped over the railing of the bridge into the dock basin. "Who will save that man for me?" cried out FERRAND, in a stentorian voice. In an instant one of the dock porters, a man named HAUGEL, who had already saved four lives, plunged into the water, and after a violent struggle—for TROPPMANN did his utmost to drown himself and disable HAUGEL—the murderer was brought near enough to a boat to be pulled on board by FERRAND alive.

TROPPMANN being taken to Paris and to the Morgue, was shown the bodies of Madame KINCK and her children, laid out on the marble slabs, and he was asked if he recognized them. "The prisoner," says the account in the *Gaulois*, "walked a few steps along the room, and, with a *sang froid* no one present exhibited, said, without moving a muscle of his face or faltering in his voice, as he pointed with his finger to each of the dead bodies, 'That is Madame KINCK; that is EMILE; that is HENRY; that is ALFRED; that is ACHILLES; that is little MARY.'" TROPPMANN finally admitted that he was an accomplice in the murder, but claimed that he was only an instrument in the hands of the KINCKS, father and son. On the subsequent Sunday about 30,000 persons were attracted by curiosity to the field of blood at Pantin, and in the course of the day the remains of GUSTAVE KINCK were discovered. There was every indication that he had been murdered at about the same time as the others. This discovery disproved the truth of TROPPMANN's story. It is supposed that JEAN KINCK, the father, had also been murdered by TROPPMANN, being the first victim.

This tragedy has occasioned the greatest excitement. *Figaro* claims to have had an increased circulation of 30,000, on account of its detailed publication of all the incidents of the murder.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book II.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT AND NIECE.

IN the first shock of amazement at the calamity which had overtaken the family at the vicarage, none of those who participated in it had had room in their minds for the entertainment of any minor sensation of surprise.

But it was not very long—not many days, that is to say—before Lady Tallis, or, as her proper title now ran, Lady Tallis Gale, began to wonder how Mr. Levincourt had discovered her whereabouts, and to question Maud on the subject.

The latter had been very ill during the first days of her stay in London. Grief and anxiety alone would not have prostrated the youthful vigor of her body. But so many harrowing emotions preceding a long night-journey, and so overwhelming a shock awaiting at the close of the journey a frame in great need of food and rest, had stricken down the young girl, and laid her on a bed of sickness.

Her aunt forgot her own delicacy of health and inert habits to tend Maud. She would scarcely allow a servant to come near the suffering girl, but waited on her day and night with untiring care.

In spite of the terrible circumstances which had brought Maud to London, in spite of the dreadful discovery that the man who had been guilty of the abduction of Veronica Levincourt was the husband who had wronged, outraged, and finally abandoned herself, it would not be too much to say that Hilda Tallis enjoyed the first moments of happiness she had known during many weary years by the bedside of her sister's child.

It was sweet to feel that there was some one bound by the ties of blood to feel kindly toward her. It was still sweeter to find a being who—at least for a time—depended upon *her* for love, and care, and tendance.

The poor lonely wife, in the first days of the discovery that her husband had ceased to feel for her even such love as can be inspired by a fair face, had longed with all her heart for a child.

The conduct of Sir John Tallis, which had gone on deepening through every shade, from gray indifference down to absolutely black brutality, had effectually quenched whatever germ of regard for him poor Hilda might once have cherished. But for some time she clung to the idea that he would be kinder to her if there were any prospect of her bringing him an heir. She was the kind of woman who would probably have loved her children better than her husband, even had that husband been good and affectionate.

She would have enjoyed superintending the government of a nursery, and have craved for no other companionship than that of her prattling babies.

The dependency of sickness made Maud appear almost like a child in her aunt's eyes. Lady Tallis nursed her with more than needful devotion. She was jealous of any person save herself approaching her niece to render any service. The sound of Maud's voice calling on her for the least tendance was music in her ears. She would even have liked the sick girl to be more exacting in her demands. And had Maud been the most fretful and imperious of invalids, instead of being, as she was, thoroughly patient and self-controlled, Lady Tallis would have joyfully indulged her in every whim.

In a few days, however, the illness passed away, and Maud insisted on rising, although Lady Tallis declared that she ought not to leave her bed for at least another week to come.

The vicar remained in London until Maud's health was re-established. He lingered about the house in Gower Street fitfully, and would seldom consent to enter Lady Tallis's apartments; but he informed himself daily of his ward's condition.

At length, after rather more than a fortnight's sojourn in London, he returned to Shipley.

"It is a horrible trial to go back," said he, in his farewell interview with Maud.

"Must you go, Uncle Charles?" she asked, her eyes brimming with tears, which she kept from falling by a strong effort of will.

"Must I? Yes: I can not give up the vicarage. I can not exist without it. I can not afford to pay another man to do my duty there, and retain enough to live upon. I might put off the evil day a while longer. But to what purpose? The sight of the place—the very name of the place—is loathsome to me. But what can I do?"

"I wish I could help you!"

"You can not help me, Maudie. No one can help me."

Then Maud asked a timid faultering question, holding his hand and turning away her head as she spoke. Had he heard any tidings of—of—the fugitives?

She could not see his face, but his voice was very stern and deep as he answered her. They had gone abroad together, he had learned. Gone to Italy. It mattered nothing to what place. *She* was dead to him henceforward. Maud must mention her name no more. He had answered her question; but she must promise never to speak to him of his lost daughter more.

"I *can not* promise it, dear Uncle Charles," said Maud, no longer able to restrain her tears.

"Maud! Do not you separate yourself from me too!"

"No, no! I shall always love you, and be grateful to you. But I—I *can not* make that promise. Some day you might be glad yourself that I did not make it."

Mr. Levincourt rose. "Good-by, Maud," he said, abruptly. "The time is drawing near for my departure. I have but a couple of hours before leaving London."

He went out and closed the door.

She heard his footsteps descending the stairs slowly and heavily. He paused, came back, and re-entering the room where Maud was silently weeping, took her in his arms and kissed her forehead. She clung to him, sobbing. "Oh, thank you," she murmured—"thank you for coming back. You are not angry with me, dear Uncle Charles?"

"No, no; not angry—never angry with thee, my sweet childie. God bless thee, Maud! God forever bless thee!"

"You will write to me, Uncle Charles, will you not?"

"I—perhaps—well, well, I *will* write to you."

"And I may come and stay with you again some day? If even it is but for a time, I may come? You will be so lonely!" she added, with a passionate burst of tears.

"Heaven knows, my child! It may be that some day— Good-by, Maud. God Almighty bless and guard you forever!"

Then he went away.

Lady Tallis's intentions in her behavior to her niece were all kindness, but it often happened that she inflicted pain from want of judgment. But on the evening of the day on which the above interview took place Lady Tallis's garrulity was grateful to Maud's feelings. So long as her aunt would talk on indifferent subjects, and let her listen in silence, or at most with the occasional contribution of a monosyllable, the young girl was able to retain a calmness and quietude that were soothing to mind and body.

Lady Tallis's conversation rambled on discursively from topic to topic. She talked of scenes familiar to her own childhood, and of persons who died before Maud was born, as though the latter must naturally be thoroughly acquainted with what *she* knew so well.

All at once she laid down her work, and exclaimed: "Oh, by-the-by, now! There's something I *particularly* wanted to say to ye, and I have never said it yet!"

Maud was beginning to understand that her aunt's emphasis was by no means always proportioned to the importance of that which she had to say; at least as far as she (Maud) could judge of the relative amount of importance that could fairly be attributed to Lady Tallis's speeches. She was, therefore, less startled than she might have been a fortnight earlier by her aunt's impressive announcement.

"What is it that you wanted to say, Aunt Hilda?"

"Why, my goodness, my darling child, I wonder how in the world I never asked the question before! It has been in my mind *hundreds* of times!"

Maud waited patiently, with an attentive face.

"How in the world did you and Mr. Levincourt find out that I was living here? D'ye know, my dear pet, I am perfectly astonished to remember that I was not *more* astonished at the time! Can ye understand that state of mind? It was all such a whirl, such a sudden, unexpected kind of thing altogether, that I suppose a little wonder more or less didn't make much difference!"

"Our coming straight to the place where you lived was a mere chance, Aunt Hilda. We came here with merely a hope, and not a very strong one, that we might get your address from Mrs. Lockwood. And even then we should not have found you, had not Uncle Charles's card been carried up to Mrs. Lockwood with an inquiry for Lady Tallis written on it. Otherwise, as you are now Lady Gale, we should have missed you, though you were so close to us. But Mrs. Lockwood knew at once that you were the person we were asking for."

"And did ye know Mrs. Lockwood? Why now, just imagine her never mentioning in the most distant manner that she had the smallest acquaintance with any of the family! I declare it's most extraordinary! And the *times* I have spoken to her of my niece! For, my darling, I needn't say that if we have been separated all these years, it has not been from any indifference on my part!"

Maud quietly explained that she had never seen or known Mrs. Lockwood, but that she had met her son at a country house; and that he had spoken of Lady Tallis, and of the manner in which he and his mother had made her ladyship's acquaintance.

"It's all perfectly true, my dear, every syllable of it!" said Lady Tallis, with as much solemnity of corroboration as though Maud had expressed the gravest doubts of Mr. Hugh Lockwood's veracity.

"Yes, aunt; I did not feel any doubt of that," she answered.

"No, ye need not, child. An exceeding amiable and gentleman-like young man he is. And his mother is a delightful person. I called on her according to promise, when I came to London. I was staying in a boarding-house; and that's what I would *never* advise any one I cared for to do the longest day they had to live! Oh, upon my honor and word, the dreariness and misery of the boarding-houses I have been in exceed description. I thought I would find something like society, but, oh dear me! the people you have to put up with are something unspeakable! However, that wasn't what I was going to tell ye. Well, I asked Mrs. Lockwood did she happen to know of any respectable lodging in her neighborhood. For I was resolved to get quit of boarding-houses altogether. And I wished to be within hail of some human being that would say a kind word to me once a month or so; for, indeed, child, I was *very* lonely."

"Poor Aunt Hilda!" whispered Maud, stroking Lady Tallis's thin hand.

"Oh, indeed ye may say 'rich Aunt Hilda,' now I have you, Maudie. Here, let me put this foot-stool under your feet. Nonsense, child, about 'troubling myself.' You're not half as strong yet as you fancy yourself. There! Well, so just fancy my delight when she said that she would be very glad to let the first-floor of her own house to a person that she knew! My dear, I *jumped* at it. And here I am, and extremely comfortable it is. And *cheap*. For you know, my dear child, that *he* keeps me shamefully short of money. Sometimes I have much ado to get any at all. Well, there, then, we won't say any more on *that* score just now. But ye'll like Mrs. Lockwood—oh indeed ye will!"

"Is she—I mean is her son at all like her?"

"Not the very least bit in the world," rejoined Lady Tallis, with a sort of almost triumphant emphasis. "Not one atom. I never, in the whole course of my days, saw a mother and son more *entirely* unlike each other."

"Oh!"

"Entirely unlike each other. Why, now, the young man—Hugh—is a strapping handsome young fellow as you'd be likely to meet in a long summer's day. Isn't he?"

"Oh yes."

"Oh yes! Upon my honor, you don't seem more than half to agree with me. But I can tell you that if you don't think Hugh Lockwood a remarkably fine young man, you are more fastidious than the girls used to be in my time. It may be true that he hasn't quite the grand air. And if you are as much of a Delaney as your poor grandpapa you may object to that. Hugh certainly is tant soit peu bourgeois."

"Oh, I thought, Aunt Hilda—we all thought at Lowater House—that Mr. Lockwood was thoroughly a gentleman."

"Well, I'm delighted to hear it. I fancied you were turning up your nose at him a little. How flushed you are, child! Let me feel your forehead. No; there's no appearance of fever. And now the color is fading away again. I shall send you to bed at nine o'clock—not a moment later."

"Very well, Aunt Hilda. But you were saying—that—that Mrs. Lockwood—"

"Oh, to be sure! Yes, let me see. Mrs. Lockwood— Oh, now I have it! I was saying that she is so unlike her son, wasn't I? Well she is. He is, as I said, a strapping, robust-looking creature. I suppose he inherits his burliness from his peasant ancestors. His father's father, you know, was— Ah! you *do* know all about it? Yes—quite rustics. And Hugh is not in the least ashamed of his grandfather."

"Ashamed! Why should he be ashamed?"

"Well, my dear, if you come to that, why should we be proud of *our* ancestors? Upon my word, *I* don't know. Still, there *is* a kind of feeling. However, Hugh is too manly and upright for any mean pretensions, and I quite respect him for it. But as to his mother, she is the tiniest fairy of a woman you ever saw in all your days. She really is more like one of the 'good people' that our old nurse at Delaney used to tell us about than any thing else—in size, I mean—for there is nothing fantastic about her."

"I am sure to like her for her kindness to you, Aunt Hilda."

"Indeed, she is very kind. And so thoughtful! and has such good manners! She came every day while you were in bed, and inquired about you. But she never intrudes. But I thought of asking her to take tea with us quietly some evening, if you don't mind. For now her son is not at home, she is lonely too. And before I had you, Maudie, I was very glad of Mrs. Lockwood's company."

Maud, of course, begged that her aunt would invite Mrs. Lockwood as often as she chose. But in truth she shrank from the sight of a stranger. There was no hour of the day when Veronica was absent from her thoughts. There had been no preparation for the terrific blow that had fallen. She had bade Veronica farewell that night at Lowater House with no faintest foreshadowing of what was to come. She tormented herself sometimes with the idea that if she (Maud) had returned to the vicarage and remained with Veronica the evil would not have happened. There were moments when she longed, with a painfully intense longing, to set forth to follow the unhappy girl, to find her, and bring her back, and soothe and cherish her, and shelter her among them again. She could not understand that her guardian should abandon his daughter without an effort. Then the doubt arose whether Veronica herself would consent to return.

"If I could go to her, see her, and persuade her, she would come back; she would leave that dreadful man. She can not care for him—"

So ran her thoughts. And then the remembrance would startle her like a sudden blow, that the man was the husband of her mother's sister; and she would hide her face in her trembling hands, and shudder with a confused sensation of terror.

She was spared the spectacle of any acute suffering on the part of her aunt.

Lady Tallis made no pretensions to outraged wifely affection. All such sentiment had been killed in her long years ago. But there was a curious phase of feeling—the last faint protest of her trampled self-respect—the one drop of gall in her submissive nature—which made her regard Veronica with something as near rancor as could be entertained by a character so flavorless, meek, and weak.

Maud shrank with instinctive delicacy from any mention of Veronica to the wife of Sir John Gale. But her aunt had voluntarily spoken of the vicar's daughter on one or two occasions; and had mentioned her in terms that caused Maud the most exquisite pain. The relations of the latter to all concerned in this misery and shame were peculiarly complicated and delicate. And the sorrowing girl strove to hide her grief. Maud's was still the same nature which had caused Mrs. Levincourt to characterize her as "stolid" and "unfeeling," when she had suppressed her childish tears at sight of the strange faces in her new home. Mrs. Levincourt never knew that the pillow in the little crib had been wetted that first night with bitter, but silent tears. Maud could bear the pain of her wound, but she could not bear that it should be approached by a coarse or unsympathizing touch.

For all these reasons, and from the knowledge, speedily acquired, that her aunt was too entirely devoid of dignity to be reticent upon any subject which it entered her head to discuss, Maud looked forward with nervous dread to the introduction of Mrs. Lockwood into Lady Tallis's drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOCKWOODS.

ZILLAH LOCKWOOD was a very remarkable-looking woman. It was not merely the smallness of her stature that made her so. She was, as Lady Tallis had said, extremely fragile and fairy-like, with very delicate, well-formed hands and feet, and an upright straight figure. But this small, frail creature conveyed an almost startling impression of power and resolution: power of an undemonstrative, steady, suppressed kind.

"How enchantingly pretty Mrs. Lockwood must have been!" was the exclamation of nine people out of ten, after seeing her for the first time.

Those who remembered Zillah Lockwood in her youth declared that she had been enchantingly pretty. But it may be doubted whether she had ever been so, in the strict sense of the word. There could be no doubt, however, that hers must always have been a singularly attractive face. And it was perhaps even more generally attractive at fifty years of age than it had been at twenty. She had an abundance of gray hair, soft, fine, and carefully dressed. Her forehead was low and broad; her eyes were black and sparkling, but their lids were discolored, and there was a faded, weary look about the whole setting and surrounding of her eyes that contrasted with the fresh, delicate paleness of the rest of her complexion.

"Crying spoils the eyes. Years ago I cried, almost incessantly, for six weeks," she once said, quietly, to one who remarked this peculiarity of her face. "At last they told me that I was risking total loss of sight. So then I got frightened, and left off weeping—with my eyes."

Her jaw was slightly what is called underhung, and when the lips met and closed firmly (as they habitually did when her face was in repose) this peculiarity gave an expression of singular resolution to her mouth. It looked as though it were forcibly compressed by a special effort of her will. The upper lip was thin and straight. When she spoke, she showed two perfect ranges of small sharp teeth.

Her whole person was pervaded by an air of scrupulous and dainty neatness. She always wore black, and her head was adorned, not covered, by a white muslin cap, whose crisply-frilled border of delicate lace was a marvel of freshness. The collar at her throat and the cuffs at her wrists were of plain linen in the morning, of lace in the evening, and in either case were guiltless of soil or stain.

"How she does it in this smoky London is more than I can conceive!" would poor Lady Tallis exclaim, casting a pathetic glance on her own dingy and crumpled garments. But her ladyship was one of those unfortunate persons for whose clothes dust and smoke and stains seem to have a mysterious attraction. "Smuts" flew to her collar, and settled there fondly. Dust eddied round her in suffocating clouds whenever she ventured into the streets, or else she found herself wading ankle-deep in mud. Gravy splashed itself over her sleeves at dinner; ink pervaded her attire when she wrote a letter; and the grease from lamp or candle dropped on her silk garment with a frequency which almost seemed to argue conscious malice.

The first impression which Maud Desmond derived from Mrs. Lockwood's appearance and manner was a sense of relief.

She had half expected a vulgar, bustling, good-natured, noisy woman. Maud had gained sufficient knowledge of Lady Tallis to be aware that her perceptions were not acute, nor her taste refined. Indeed Maud, in pondering upon her aunt's character, was frequently brought face to face with problems, the pursuit of which would have led her into deeper speculations than she contemplated attempting. Why was this woman, gently born and bred, endowed with blunter sensibilities, duller brains, coarser—yes, truly coarser—manners than the poor widow of a humble artist, who sprang from mean obscurity and eked out her living as a letter of lodgings? Why, of the two sisters, Hilda and Clara Delaney, had one been a refined, graceful, elegant gentlewoman, and the other—such a woman as Lady Tallis? Maud remembered her mother, and contrasted her bearing and manners with Lady Tallis's. Had Clara Desmond pronounced any woman to be kind, thoughtful, and well-mannered, those persons who knew the speaker would have expected the object of her praise to be one whose society might be pleasant to the most fastidious. But when Hilda Tallis used the same phrases, Maud perfectly understood that they must be accepted with due reservations.

Her first sensation on meeting Mrs. Lockwood was, therefore, as has been stated, a sensation of relief. It was soon evident that there was no fear of Mrs. Lockwood's failing in discrimination or tact.

"You met my son at Lowater House, Miss Desmond?" said Mrs. Lockwood, stitching away with nimble fingers at the hem of a handkerchief. She had been drinking tea with Lady Tallis, and had seen Maud for the first time that evening.

"Yes. Mr. Lockwood was staying there at the same time with myself."

"Captain Sheardown has always been very kind to Hugh. His father, Admiral Sheardown, was my husband's earliest friend and patron. The admiral had a great taste for art."

"So had poor papa!" exclaimed Lady Tallis. "I remember Clara—your dear mother, my pet—had a very pretty taste for flower-painting. And papa had a master from Dublin to stay in the house nearly the whole of one summer on Clara's account. My brother James and I couldn't *enjure* him! Sure he was the snuffiest old wretch ye can imagine. We would plague his life out by hiding his snuff-box."

"I expect Hugh home next week," pursued Mrs. Lockwood, calmly.

"And, indeed, I will be delighted to see him again," said her ladyship. "He is a pearl of young men."

"I don't know about being a pearl," said Mrs. Lockwood; "but Hugh is a good son. I think he is on the whole a good man."

"Of course he is! Why wouldn't he be? Hugh is an excellent creature."

"It is a bold assertion to make. In all my life I have only met with two good men."

"Well now, on my honor, I do believe there are a great many good men in the world—if one only knew where to find them!" said Lady Tallis. Then she added, "As for you, you ought to go down on your knees, and thank Heaven for such a son as Hugh. Oh, if I had only had a boy like that I'd have doted on him!"

The faintest possible smile flitted over Mrs. Lockwood's face. She kept her eyes fixed on her work, as she answered, "I have a sneaking kindness for Hugh myself. But he has his faults."

"I don't believe he has a fault in the world!" protested Lady Tallis, energetically.

"I can assure you that he has, though! Among others—obstinacy. Hugh is very obstinate. Ask Miss Desmond if she did not get the impression that my son has a strong will of his own."

Maud had been listening silently to the talk of the two elder women, and had been watching Mrs. Lockwood's face with an intentness that would have been ill-mannered had it not been for the fact that the latter kept her eyes cast down on her work, and so was unconscious of the young girl's close observation. Maud was a little disconcerted when the heavy dark lids were suddenly raised, and the bright eyes beneath them were fixed upon her own.

"Oh, I—I don't know," she said. "I suppose a man ought to have a strong will."

"And a woman—?"

"Oh, a woman," interrupted Lady Tallis, "must just make up her mind to have no will at all! You may fight and struggle, but a man is always the strongest, au bout du compte! And as he has all the power, I don't see what use her *will* can be to a woman!"

"Is that your philosophy, Miss Desmond?"

"Oh, I? I don't think I have any philosophy," answered Maud, simply.

"At all events, rightly or wrongly, my son *is* obstinate, and he wishes to take a step that I think ought to be deferred yet a while. He is dying to set up on his own account, as the phrase goes. Digby and West, to whom he was articled, have offered to keep him in their office, on advantageous terms, for a couple of years. *I* say, hold fast your one bird in the hand! Hugh hankers after the two in the bush. We shall see. I am afraid Captain Sheardown's councils have confirmed Hugh in his desire. My son writes me that several of his father's old friends in the neighborhood of Shipley and Danecester have been encouraging him to make the attempt; and have been promising him all sorts of things. Hugh is only twenty-four years old; and he believes most of what is said to him."

"I am quite sure," said Maud, with some warmth, "that Captain Sheardown would say nothing that he did not mean."

"Doubtless. But promises impossible of fulfillment are made with the most perfect sincerity every day."

After a little more desultory chat Mrs. Lockwood folded up her work, and went away, saying that she would leave Miss Desmond to go to rest; and that she would prepare with her own hand a basin of arrow-root for the supper of Lady Tallis, who was not looking strong, she said. "My arrow-root is excellent, I assure you," said Mrs. Lockwood to Maud. "Her ladyship will give me a certificate. I am a very fair cook, am I not, my lady?"

"Indeed, then, I don't know the thing you can *not* do, if you try!" said Lady Tallis, enthusiastically. And, when Mrs. Lockwood was gone, she descanted to Maud on their landlady's talents and good qualities in a strain of unmixed eulogy.

"Now, are you not enchanted with her?" she asked of her niece.

"I—yes; I like her very much. She is very clever, I think."

"Oh, clever's no word for it. She is an extraordinary little creature; quite extraordinary. You don't know all that's in that head of hers yet, I can assure you."

"I should imagine that she has known much sorrow and trouble," said Maud, musingly. "I wonder what her history is!"

"Oh, as to that," rejoined her ladyship, to whom the suggestion appeared to be a new one, "I don't suppose she has much of a history at all. How would she? She and her husband were quite humble people."

"But, aunt, she has evidently received a good education, and she has the manners of a lady, moreover. Did you notice, too, in reading the title of that French book that lay on the table, how admirably she pronounced it?"

"My dear child, for that matter, we had a dancing-mistress once who spoke French beautifully! And she was quite an ignorant person. Her father was a Parisian barber, we were told; but she called herself Mademoiselle *de* Something or other. I forget the name now. Any way, Mrs. Lockwood is vastly superior to *her!*"

The incoherence of these remarks, and the impossibility of conjecturing what it was they intended to prove, silenced Maud.

Presently Lady Tallis exclaimed, in a sudden, pouncing way, which her delicacy alone prevented from being absolutely violent: "And ye haven't told me yet how you like my little Queen of the Fairies!"

"Yes, aunt, I said that I liked Mrs. Lockwood very much: only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, it seems rather a pity that she should take such a gloomy view of things, does it not?"

"Gloomy! Now upon my word and honor a cheerfuller little creature I never saw or heard of! That is *my* notion, my dear girl."

"Gloomy is not the right word, either."

"Very much the wrong word, *I* should say."

"Yes; but what I mean is, that—that— It is rather difficult to explain. Mrs. Lockwood is cheerful, but it is not because she finds things to be good, Aunt Hilda."

"Well, then, all the more credit to her for being cheerful."

"I think she would be more likely to be credulous of an evil report than a good report; not because she is ill-natured, but because she *expects* evil to happen, and thinks it likely. I am sure that she must have had some great trouble in her life."

At the beginning of the following week Hugh Lockwood returned home.

He had, of course, already learned from his mother the fact that Lady Tallis and her niece were inmates of the house in Gower Street.

He was able to inform his mother of many particulars of the blow which had fallen on the family at the vicarage. The whole country was ringing with the story. Hugh had heard it discussed in all sorts of tones, by all sorts of people. A great number were inclined to blame Mr. Levincourt severely for having been culpably negligent in regard to his daughter's association with a man like Sir John Gale. On the other hand, many persons (especially matrons of Mrs. Begbie's stamp) declared that bolts and bars would not have sufficed to keep Veronica Levincourt in respectable obscurity; that they had always known, always seen, always prophesied, how it would end; that the girl's vanity and coquetry had long made them cautious of permitting her to associate with their daughters; and that it was all very well to blame the man—of course he was a wretch! no doubt of it!—but he must have been regularly hunted down, you know, by that artful, abandoned, dreadful, *dreadful* girl!

"There is nothing so cruel as the cruelty of one woman to another!" said Hugh, after recounting some of these sayings to his mother.

"Is there not?" said Mrs. Lockwood, composedly. "And Mrs. Sheardown," she pursued, after a moment's pause, "is she too among the number of the cruel?"

"No; Mrs. Sheardown could not be cruel! No, she is not cruel. But she is—even *she* is—a little hard on the girl."

"H'm! Is this Miss Levincourt so very handsome as they say? You have seen her?"

"Yes; I saw her at Lowater. She is strikingly beautiful. I do not know that I ever saw such eyes and such coloring."

"And not vain or coquettish, as these 'cruel' women say?"

"I—well, yes, I think she is fond of admiration. But her manner was very charming."

"*That* is charming, Hugh; that love of admiration. Masculine vanity is always tickled by the implied flattery of a pretty woman's airs and graces."

"Flattery!"

"To be sure. Haughty or espiègle, stately or languid, what a coquette wants is *your* attention; and that flatters you. How many men, do you suppose, would think Venus herself beautiful if she honestly did not care two straws whether they looked at her or not?"

"Well, mother, despite my 'masculine vanity,' I can truly say that I never in all my life saw a girl whom I should have been less likely to fall in love with than Veronica Levincourt."

"That was fortunate for you!"

"Good, kind Mrs. Sheardown thought me in some danger, I believe, for she dropped a word or two of warning— That man must be as black a scoundrel as ever existed!" cried Hugh, suddenly breaking off.

"Is the identity of Sir John Gale with Sir John Tallis known in Shipley?"

"Yes; I had learned it from your letters. But, except to the Sheardowns, I said no word of the matter. But an old woman who was staying at Dr. Begbie's—a certain Betsy Boyce—wrote up to some gossip-mongering crony in London for information about Sir John Gale. And in that way the whole story became known."

"Of course you did not see Mr. Levincourt again?"

"No one has seen him except his own servants and little Plew, the surgeon, since his daughter's flight."

"Not even in church?"

"Oh, in church, of course, he has been seen. The Sheardowns purposely staid away from St. Gildas the first Sunday after the vicar's return. But I was told that the rustics, who compose the majority of the congregation, behaved with more delicacy than might have been expected from them. They kept out of the vicar's way on leaving church; and those who did see him contented themselves with silently touching their hats, and passing on. By-the-way, the person who told me all this is horribly cut up by this dreadful affair. It is a certain Mr. Plew, a surgeon, and a really good little fellow. The village gossips say that he was a bond-slave of Miss Levincourt. I never saw a man look more miserable. He fought her battles tooth and nail until it became known that Sir John Gale had a wife already. Then, of course, there was no more to be said of the girl's being married to him. But, although Plew is the mildest-looking little fellow you ever saw, I should not care to be in the shoes of any man who spoke an ill word of Miss Levincourt in his presence. And the Shipley folks understand this so well, that if a group of them are discussing the vicar's daughter, they break off at Plew's approach as though he were her brother. He is a loyal little fellow, and I am sorry for him with all my heart."

"He must be a very uncommon sort of man," observed Mrs. Lockwood, dryly.

"Ah, mother, mother!" exclaimed Hugh, kissing her forehead, and looking at her half fondly, half sadly, "our old quarrel! I can not understand how it is that such a good woman as you are should find it so hard to believe in goodness."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAXBY, an English naval officer, prophesied that a great flood would occur between the 5th and 9th of October, and also some time during the month of November in the present year. November is yet in prospect, but there have been floods enough in October to place Saxby among the prophets for all time. To be sure the first flood came a little before its time, and some of the others were not quite punctual, but meteorological calculations can not always be exact. Certain astronomers, also, calculated that the 8th of October would be the most unlucky Friday New York had known for many years, in consequence of the extraordinary attraction of the moon just about that time; that the tide would rush in and reach a mark never before approximated. But although one of the city papers, issued on the 8th, to save the character of the weather prophets, announced in a wonderful paragraph that all Broadway had been blown down, the new post-office site leveled with the ground, Central Park completely unroofed; that the high tide had almost depopulated the city, some few hundreds only being saved by clinging to Trinity steeple and the telegraph poles; that the editor himself was writing under some twenty feet of water; and that if the reader did not believe it he must ask the weather prophets!—yet New York city, in general, was unconscious of such extreme suffering! Every body was so much rejoiced at the abundant supply of Croton water that they probably did not observe any special atmospheric changes. But the heavy rains which relieved the city from dearth of water, brought fearful destruction throughout the country. October, 1869, will long be remembered as the date of one of the most extensive and desolating freshets ever experienced in the Eastern and Middle States.

Incidents of the great flood continue to come in from various quarters. Many small towns and villages have been almost cut off from communication with the outer world in consequence of the loss of bridges, the breaking away of highways, and the necessary suspension of travel. One of the saddest and most singular of the many sad desolations caused by the freshet occurred in Phillips, a hitherto flourishing and beautiful town in Maine. Not only were scores of houses submerged, streets rendered impassable by black alluvium and drift-wood, mills and bridges floated away, and trees uprooted and broken to pieces, but the beautiful cemetery was completely ruined. The waters swept with destructive force over it, and every stone and monument was moved from its place. Some were washed into adjacent fields; some broken; the iron fences inclosing lots were twisted into shapeless forms; and, sadder still, many of the graves were washed open, and the bodies resting there were floated away. Some were found miles away; others have not been recovered. The body of one man who died last spring was found upon his own farm, at some distance from the cemetery. The whole village presents a scene of desolation and ruin; but this invasion of the resting-place of the dead is most painful of all.

A wedding has taken place in St. John's Church, Sligo, Ireland, which created great amusement; the united ages of the couple being 176 years.

A wide and important field of inquiry is opened to the medical profession by the conflicting statements in regard to the utility of vaccination as a preventive of small-pox. Many eminent men in Europe declare that the influence of vaccination upon the system is very deleterious, and that it affords no real protection against that dreaded disease. It is also affirmed that those who are not vaccinated recover more easily from acute diseases than those who have been vaccinated. On the other hand, many equally eminent physicians give their testimony, based on facts and long experience, in favor of vaccination. "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" It would seem that this subject is worthy the most careful consideration and investigation of the most able physicians in the world.

A School for Theft has been discovered near the freight dépôt of the Union Pacific Railroad, in Omaha. A saloon-keeper known by the name of "Billy Mack" has been in the habit of enticing boys into his saloon, giving them instructions in petty thieving, and purchasing from them the little articles they can "lift." Twelve or fifteen boys have nightly slept at his establishment.

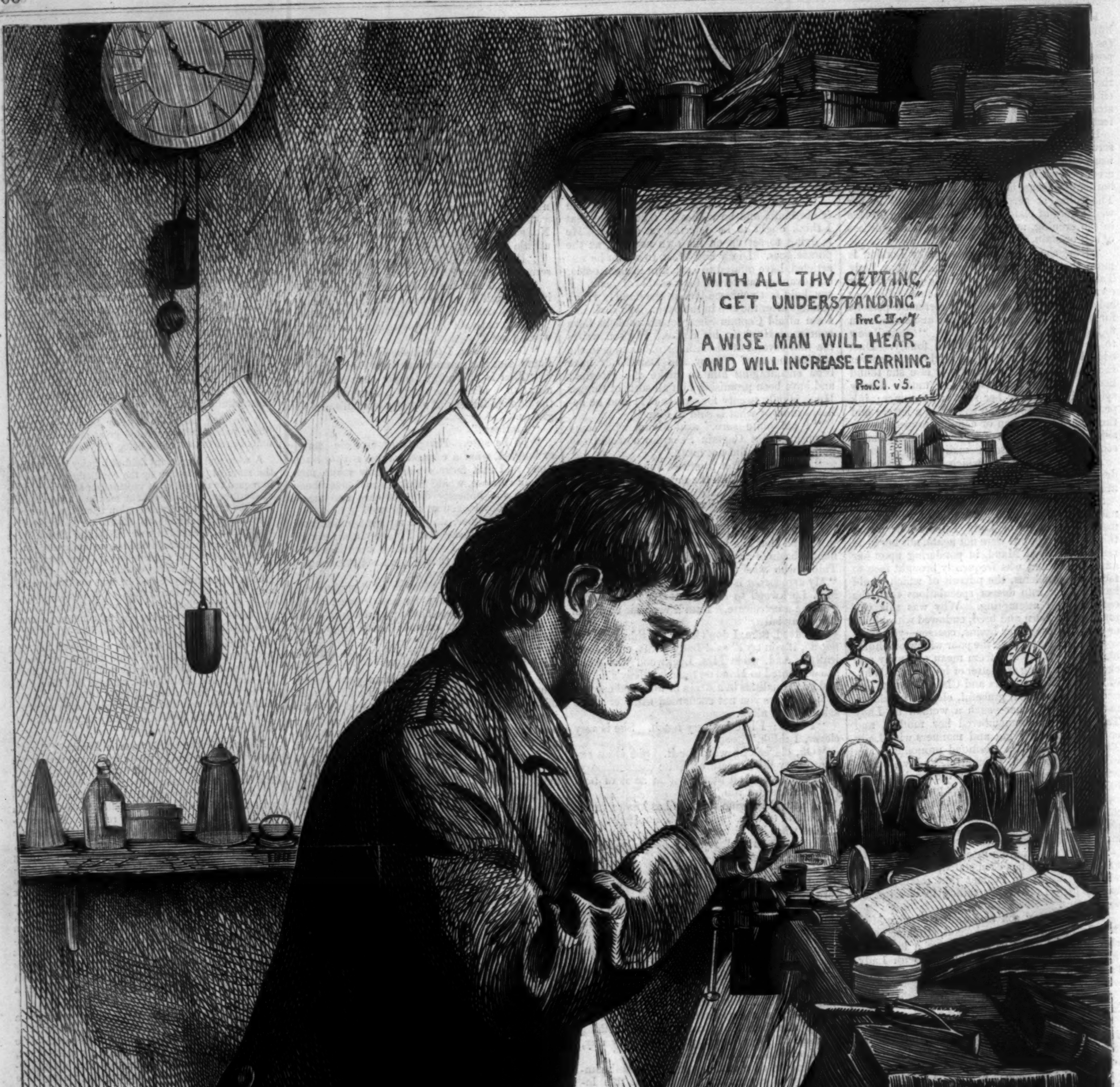
Modern science regards insanity as merely a symptom of cerebral disease, which is quite as susceptible of medical treatment as other forms of bodily ailment. The universal testimony of physicians having charge of institutions for the insane is to the effect that when patients receive early and judicious treatment from eighty to ninety per cent. will recover. In accordance with this modern view, a new hospital for the cure of the insane has been located near Poughkeepsie, the site being exceedingly beautiful, and affording magnificent views of natural scenery. This site, consisting of two hundred and six acres fronting on the Hudson River, was presented to the State of New York by the citizens of Dutchess County. Work was commenced on the building late in the season of 1867, though little was done that year. In 1868 one section of two hundred and thirty feet in length was completed; and another section over three hundred feet long will be finished this year. These two sections will accommodate about seventy-five patients, and will probably be ready for occupation in the course of a year.

Titusville, Pennsylvania, is—if reports are true—a remarkable place. Within one week, recently, four weddings took place there; the four bridegrooms were all merchants; they did business on the same street, and occupied the same block; they were all widowers; and last, but not least, in the aggregate they have had thirteen wives.

The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was this year held at Pittsburg. Three hundred and fifty missionaries are at present connected with the Board. The support of eighteen of the female missionaries has been assumed by the Woman's Board of Missions. In the Armenian missions sixty-five churches have been gathered, and are now under the care of forty-one native pastors, and sustained wholly or in part by their own people. Three hundred new members were added to these churches last year, making an aggregate membership of about three thousand. The average attendance on Sabbath worship in the Armenian missions is about eleven thousand. More than one hundred young men are in training for the ministry in the theological schools at Marsovan, Marash, and Harpoot. In Syria the event of the year has been the organization of the seminary for the training of a native ministry; and never has there been a brighter day in the history of the Syrian mission than the present. In Persia the Gospel is now proclaimed by more than a hundred native helpers, and more than a thousand pupils are found in the common schools. India calls for more laborers. Eleven missionaries have gone to China within the year, and six more will soon follow. Three new stations will soon be established in China. The Hawaiian Missionary Board employ a missionary who is a native Chinaman among the Chinese population of the Islands, which numbers over 1300.

Did it ever occur to you when lacing up your boot how much brass might be consumed in making those little tips or tags on the lacings, the convenience of which you scarcely realize until, by chance, you find one minus? Fifty thousand pounds of brass are annually consumed for shoe-string tips in the United States, all of which is manufactured in Waterbury, Connecticut. The brass and German silver parts of all or nearly all the watches manufactured in the United States are also made in Waterbury.

Vast differences of thought between the ancients and the moderns—not to the advantage of the moderns—are expressed in this one fact, that the ancients wrought ornament into, or upon, what was useful, while the moderns take great pains, and apply the choicest materials, to fashion something which, though it have the form of usefulness, is never to be used, and is purely ornamental. This idea is fully exemplified when you see a drinking vessel, or a vase, set up on a bracket, never to be removed, except for the purpose of being shown as an ornament.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Prov. C. IV. v 7
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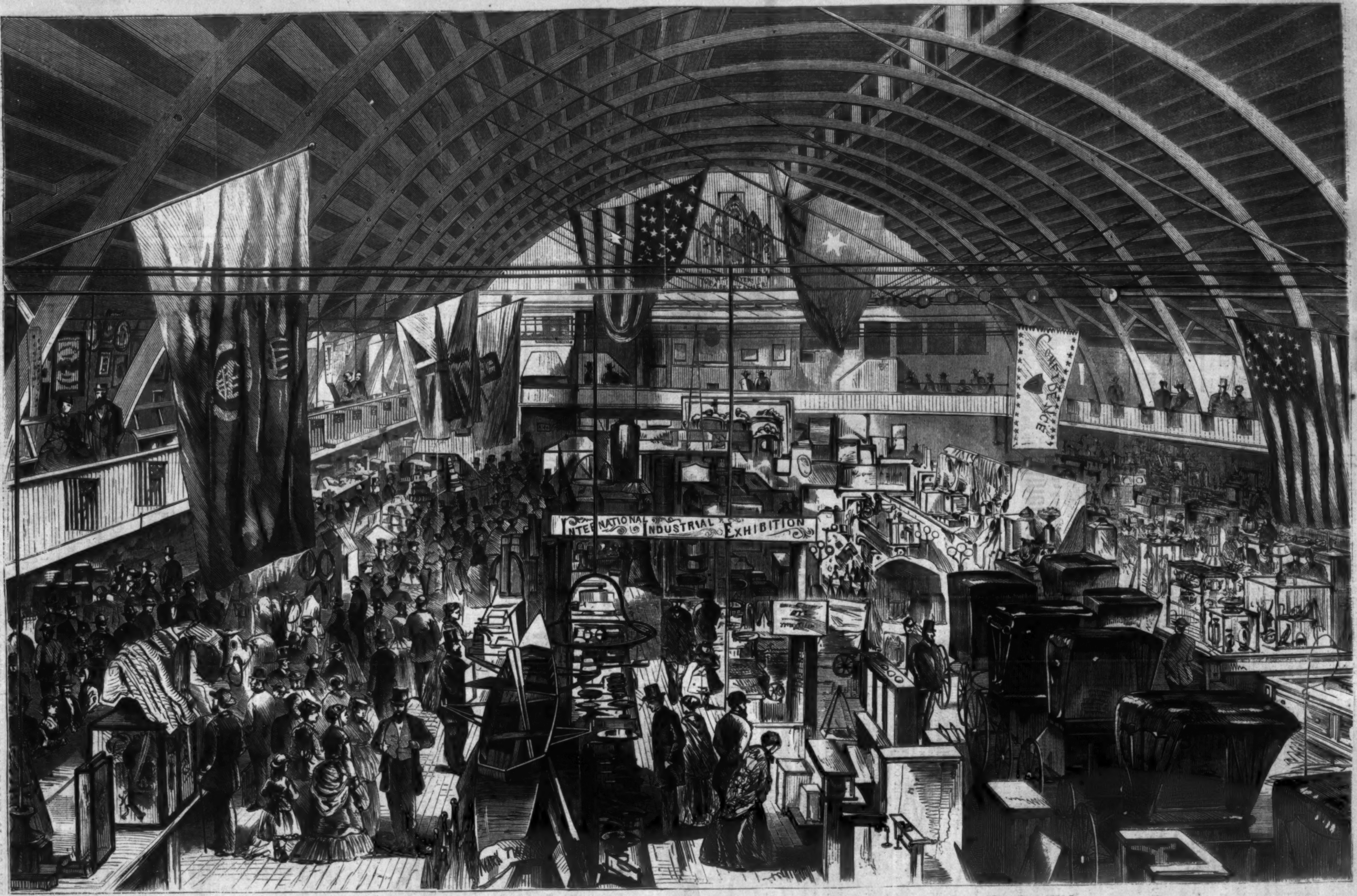
Prov. C I. v 5.

ANDREW REED, THE YOUNG WATCH-MAKER.—[See Page 695.]


INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
CONFIDENCE

THE INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK, October, 1869.—Photographed by H. L. Bliss.—[See Page 702.]

INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO.

The First Annual International Exhibition was opened under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute at Buffalo, October 6. The Rink, in which the exhibition was held, is 225 feet long by 100 feet wide, and, in addition to the main floor, great facilities for the exhibition of articles were afforded on the stage, and in the upper and lower galleries, which extended along the sides and ends of the building. The arrangements made evinced great taste, and the whole affair was an honor to the city of Buffalo.

The main floor was divided into five aisles. At the west end of the Rink a stage was located, being one of the most attractive portions of the interior. The exposition included every variety of industry. There were fine specimens of photography, illuminated printing, wood engraving, electrotyping, and lithography. There were sewing-machines; household furniture; carriages, clocks, and silver-ware; furs, woolen goods, and dress patterns; stationery, crockery, cutlery, and glass-ware; wood and willow-ware; curiosities in hair-work and wax-work; carvings in bone, ivory, and wood; specimens of ladies' handiwork of every description; varieties of oils and artists' materials; models of new inventions; artificial limbs and dental machinery; agricultural implements; specimens of architectural work; native wines; musical instruments; upholstery; chromos and paintings; articles of vertu; machinery, and, indeed, specimens of every department of human art and industry.

On the evening of October 6 the formal opening took place. The exercises commenced with a prayer by Rev. Dr. Lord, which was followed by an address from the President of the exhibition, Mr. David Bell. The great event of the evening, however, was the Hon. Horace Greeley's address. The attendance during the exhibition was very large.

THE PICTURESQUE IN LITERATURE.

In itself it is probably to the mass of readers a matter of very little interest to know that Dryden was very fond of wearing a black velvet coat, talked very little, but took snuff constantly, ejaculated, "Egad," and was much given to anxious gesticulations in instructing the players at the rehearsal of his tragedies; and, except in as far as it refers to men distinguished in letters and politics, it can be of no interest at all to any one to know that the crooked little thing that asked questions, and translated the Iliad on the backs of old letters or odd scraps of paper, always kept a candle burning at his bedside, in order that if a thought or a phrase struck him in his dreams he might get up at once and make a note of it; that Macaulay, like Gray, had his moods for writing, and threw down his pen and put on his hat for a walk when he had worked out his vein of thought or criticism; that Buffon was wont to shave and put on clean linen when he sat down to write; that Johnson did most of his work upon a three-legged chair; that Gibbon wrote three volumes of his history under the shade of a beautiful acacia overlooking the Lake of Geneva, and sent his first rough MSS. to the press without any intermediate copying; that Byron, after reading the *Edinburgh Review* of his youthful poems, sat down and drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner, took "a deep study of Milton," and then relieved his soul by writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" that Petrarch was excessively fond of turnips, and wept as he read over his sonnets to Laura; that Tasso had a peculiar affection for Malmsey, and thought it favorable to poetic inspiration; or that Sheridan finished the "Critic," locked up in the manager's room of Covent Garden, with a bottle of Madeira and an old stage copy of the Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal. Thrown together pell mell, in a volume of ana or a packet of old letters, these notes sound very insignificant—the mere gossip of tea-tables. Yet trifles like these often possess a distinct value of their own; and, after all, it is only by the light of this tittle-tattle of tradition that we can make the dry bones of history live, that we can re-endow the great soldier and the great statesman with flesh and blood, reproduce Napoleon in our imagination as Sir Niel Campbell has pictured him in his cabinet at Fontainebleau, dressed in his old green uniform, with gold epaulets, blue pantaloons, and red top-boots, unshaven, uncombed, with particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast, impatiently pacing the length of his apartment, and shrinking in his soul from his fate; or that we can see Lord John Russell sitting down at his desk to draw up his scheme of Parliamentary Reform on a sheet of note-paper; or reproduce in our mind's eye Lord Melbourne and his Cabinet discussing the Corn Laws, the easy and witty Premier planting his back against the door, and carelessly putting the question to the vote, "Now, what is it to be, an eight-shilling sliding-scale or free trade? It does not much matter which; but, mind, we must all say alike!" It is only by the light of this gossip, too, that we can see Lord Derby and his colleagues in St. James's Square, settling the points of their Ten Minutes' bill; or picture a great writer to ourselves in his library, see and know him as his friends saw and knew him, look over his MSS., and chat with him over the fire; stand with Gibbon, for example, in the ruins of the Capitol, and plan the History of the Decline and Fall; stroll along Fleet Street with Dr. Johnson to the Mitre Tavern, or to the Kit-cat, to meet Burke, and Beauclerk, and Gibbon, and Goldsmith, and Boswell; spend half an hour with Cowper in his "workshop" in the garden at Olney, where he wrote his letters and fabricated his verse, "the grass under the window all bespangled with dew-drops, and the birds singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms;" walk down the High Street of Edinburgh with Professor Wilson to his class-room, "with a book under his arm and a week's beard on his chin," to lecture on Moral Philosophy; or sit at that old desk in the *Morning Chronicle* office and look at Dickens as he turns out the "Sketches by Boz or "Pickwick;" or look over poor Thackeray's MSS. as they were returned by publisher after publisher, and speculate with him whether it is worth while to try one more house or burn the MSS., congratulate him at last on finding a publisher, laugh with him over the petty vexations of criticism, especially at that sagacious description of himself as a second Oliver Goldsmith, with a dash of Horace Walpole, and share with him the gratification of seeing his work on every drawing-room table, and in every hand.

The works of these men, of all men of genius, rank among the friends and companions of every man of thought and culture, and through them "friendships profound and generous are formed with men long dead, and with men whom we may never see. The lives of these men have quite a personal interest for us. Their homes become as consecrated shrines. Their little ways and familiar phrases become endeared to us, like the little ways and phrases of our wives and children;" and any trifle that illustrates their character, any note that brings them nearer to us, is treasured up in our memory as we treasure the mementos of friendship and affection, the lock of hair and the packet of faded letters. Brougham wrangling in court all day upon some petty point of law, afterward sitting down in his chambers to write an article on Phlebotomy for the *Edinburgh*, or to smash Professor Young's theory of light, by denying the accuracy of the experiments of one of the most careful and patient of inquirers, dining at Holland House and talking till eleven o'clock "de omni scibili, French cookery, Italian poetry, and so on;" Gray writing his Elegy with a crow-quill, and perfecting it line by line; Sheridan telling the watchman who found him under the piazzas of Covent Garden, half seas over, that he was "Wilberforce;" Charles Lamb taking up the candle to go and examine the bumps on the head of a man who sententiously remarked that "Mr. Milton was a great poet;" Tom Hood propped up by pillows on a sick-bed to quiz his own portrait in the preface to his poetry; Theodore Hook laying down his knife and fork at the end of the fourth course at a Lord Mayor's dinner, and offering to take out the rest in cash; Bacon finishing off a chapter of the "Advancement of Learning" and taking up his diary to make an entry, "to have in mind and use the Attorney-General's weakness," or "to have ever in readyness matter to minister taulk with every of the great counsellors, both to induce familiarity and for countenance in publike places;"—what can be more characteristic of these men than anecdotes of this description? They are like those pen-and-ink sketches of Leech, where the whole character of a man is condensed in a single stroke of the pencil. They are, in a word, biography in hieroglyphics. Even with the help of these traits "how pale, thin, and ineffectual" do many of the great figures of history stand out before us! Without them, where we now at least have men we should have only shadows, or men "like Ossian's ghosts in hazy twilight, with the stars dim twinkling through their forms."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE SEWING MACHINE.

[From *The Mother at Home.*]

"In reply to numerous letters requesting information and advice with regard to the many sewing machines now in use, we gave in the July number of the 'Mother at Home' our own limited experience, and also expressed a wish that others would favor our readers with the results of a larger and more thorough knowledge than our own. This suggestion has brought us letters from all parts of the country, all, without exception, enthusiastically advocating 'Willcox & Gibbs Machine.' We have room for but one out of the *multitude* of letters before us, but that expresses the general idea of all."

Here we have an exhibition of *facts* such as we have never before witnessed in favor of any labor-saving invention: Mrs. Beecher, having given her own experience with the different kinds of sewing machines, invites her readers to offer theirs. Her invitation is extended as much to those having one kind as to those having another, and in reply she receives a multitude of letters, all of which, she tells us, are Enthusiastically in favor of the Willcox & Gibbs Machine!

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I have had a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine for more than fourteen years, and during that time it has been in almost constant use, without even the most trifling repairs. Many thousand dollars' worth of work has been done with it in furnishing my hotel, and my wife says she would not now exchange it for any other machine she has ever seen. A. D. Failing.

New York.

Consumption: its Causes and How to Cure it.—J. Winchester & Co., 36 John St., New York, have published a handsome eight-page Circular on this subject, which they will send free to all desiring it. We advise every one of our readers to send for one. We are confident it will bring Hope, Joy, and Life to thousands.—[*Com.*]

Purge out the Morbid Humors of the Blood by a dose or two of Ayer's Pills, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.—[*Com.*]

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